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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 233
WINNING THE NEXT ELECTION 236
FROM THE FRENCH STANDPOINT. By Alexander Werth 236
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 237
THIS ENGLAND 238
WHITE TO PLAY. By Sagittarius 238
BOMBS ON CHINA 238
THE SUGARBEET REVOLUTION. By Nigel Harvey 239
SHOESHINE. By Mervyn Jones 240
CONCERNING THE PLAY OF IDEAS. By Terence Rattigan 241
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus 242
THE BETTER DAYS. By Norman MacKenzie . 242
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
A Pastoral Prokofiev. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 243
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . . 244
CORRESPONDENCE 245
From John W. May; G. A. Westell; D. F. Byrnes; C. G. Spink; S. W. Green; Richard Keppel; E. H. Athanassoglou; Lisa Lee; and J. M. Cohen.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . . 248
NEAR SLIVEN. By Robert Conquest . . . 249
STONES. By Richard Church . . . Page 249
REVIEWS:
The Puritan Class-war. By H. R. Trevor-Roper 249
Carlyle on the Sofa. By Walter Allen . . . 249
New Novels. By J. D. Scott 250
Science or Morals. By Peter Sovren . . . 252
Idealism v. Realism. By Ernest Gellner . . 252
Recent Murders. By Ralph Partridge . . . 253
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 254
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 256
CHESS. By Assiac 257

Party, Policy and Leadership

THE Parliamentary Labour Party has returned to Westminster in fighting mood, anxious to accept whatever challenge the Tories may offer and to go ahead with the Party's programme in Parliament, even at the risk of an early dissolution. As for the Cabinet, Mr. Attlee's team is skilfully selected to sustain the careful balance of personalities which, as Chairman of the Cabinet, he has been so successful in achieving. If Labour had won a majority of 80, the balance no doubt would have been very differently weighted. Mr. Bevan and Mr. Strachey, as well as Mr. Shinwell, would have received promotion and the number of posts allotted to safe men correspondingly reduced. But, since Labour is now in office without a working majority, no such shift to the Left was likely.

In the new Cabinet, effective power remains distributed between Mr. Morrison, Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps, as it has been during the last three years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's team is virtually unaltered save that Mr. Gaitskell's position as Economic Advisor—a role he played with distinction along with Mr. Jay during the devaluation crisis—is formally recognised. On Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues will fall the decision how far the next Budget will be Socialist in character. In shaping the Budget they may well determine both the result of the next election and the attitude of the trade unions to the problem of wages and prices. On the latter issue—which will become critical within a few weeks—Sir Stafford Cripps may well have desired a stronger personality at the Ministry of Labour than Mr. Isaacs, who has been a popular rather than an effective Minister.

The one important shift of power in the Cabinet is the considerable strengthening of Mr. Morrison's position. Mr. Maurice Webb and Mr. Gordon-Walker have always been reckoned among the closest confidants of the Leader of the House. Both receive promotion—to which their abilities fully entitled them. On the other hand, Mr. Bevin's control of external affairs has been diminished by the disappearance of two of his satellites, Mr. Creech Jones and Lord Alexander, and the shifting of Mr. McNeil to the Scottish Office, in place of the complacent Mr. Woodburn. The appointment of Mr. Shinwell, who replaces Lord Alexander at the Defence Ministry, is Mr. Attlee's one surprising decision. Even while he was Minister of War, Mr. Shinwell made it clear that, in his view, Defence costs were too high; and he is thought to be strongly in favour of the ultimate abolition of conscription. He is likely, therefore, to ally himself with Sir Stafford Cripps in grappling with the economic consequences of Mr. Bevin.

Of the other appointments, the most popular will be that of Mr. Stokes. The Ministry of Works has for long needed a thorough spring-cleaning, and, on the back benches, Mr. Stokes has shown himself an uproarious slicer of red tape. At the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, Mr. Dalton should be happy in his inheritance of the great measures which stand to the credit of his predecessor, Mr. Silkin. Mr. Noel Baker's odd transfer to the Ministry of Fuel and Power suggests that the foundations of a successful coal industry under public control are laid, and that the post is now regarded as chiefly one of public relations.

By and large, however, the Prime Minister has done his work with his usual neat finesse. It is clear that in this Parliament far the heaviest responsibilities will fall on Mr. Morrison, and far the most unrewarding tasks on the back benchers whom he will lead. Chained to their benches, however, they will not be in rebellious mood so long as the Government makes it indubitably clear that its Socialist convictions are unchanged, and that it now intends to prepare for victory at the next election.

How They Voted

The indecisive outcome of the election does not reflect any indecision on the part of the electorate. On the contrary, the high poll showed that the weather was no deterrent to a public, 84 per cent. of whom had made up their minds, and were anxious to cast their votes more sharply than ever on party lines. The country split on class lines to an unprecedented degree. Both sides were clearly prompted by fear—the middle classes by fear of more drastic "levelling down," the workers by fear lest a Labour defeat would expose them once again to the miseries they remembered. Certainly, neither side had coalition in mind.

It may be immediately wise for Labour to concentrate on other aspects of Socialism rather than "nationalisation," but we can see no evidence for the press view that the country has voted against national ownership. The facts are, first, that Labour's total vote increased by well over one million; and, secondly, that constituencies directly concerned by present or prospective nationalisation—Crewe, Derby and Swindon (railways), Middlesbrough, Sheffield and Kettering (steel) and Gravesend (cement)—registered their confidence in Socialist policy.

The hazards of our electoral system certainly did not favour the Labour Party this time. A

mere addition of ten thousand votes in all to Labour's poll, in the right constituencies, would have provided a majority of fifty-three. Redistribution, moreover, worked against Labour in most instances and has created a quite different set of marginal constituencies.

Next Time

However each party manipulates the electoral statistics to prove its special conclusions, all of them have to face the fact that 160 Members were elected by a majority less than the Liberal poll in their constituencies. Until it is known how many Liberals will run next time, and where, it is reasonable to ask whether an immediate repetition of the last election would produce a significantly different result. But the situation is not static. In this election, the Tories enjoyed two advantages which can be denied them another time. First, by an inept response to Mr. Churchill's demand for a new approach to the problem of atomic disarmament, the Labour Party allowed him to pose as the protagonist of peace; secondly, by playing down the gravity of our economic position, they left themselves without a convincing answer to the Tory promises of jam for all. The case for Socialist planning was thus often allowed, quite unnecessarily, to be lost by default, and no assistance was given to the electors in adding up the bogus Tory arithmetic.

Prices and Wages

One of the biggest single factors likely to operate in the interregnum before the next General Election will be the movement of prices and wages. The retail price index for January showed no change from the December level, but it is difficult to believe that it will stay long at the present figure. Food prices are already twelve points above their level a year ago. The general index has risen on the year by only four points; but the effect of devaluation on the price of manufactured goods is only now beginning to be felt, and the upward movement of utility cottons and linens will be paralleled in other directions—to say nothing of the proposed substantial increase in workmen's fares in the Metropolitan area.

Even if the rise in living costs, as measured by the official index, is moderate, we doubt whether the wage freeze can be maintained. The railway workers have suffered a fresh rebuff to their claim for an improvement in the payment of the lowest grades; the engineers are making no headway with their all-round demand; and the miners too are held up with their claim on behalf of the day-wage workers. All these are points of increasing pressure; and, though the T.U.C. may still be reluctant to embarrass the Government, the election campaign brought out very clearly the degree of discontent that exists, not only among the teachers in all types of schools, but among the lower ranges of salary earners in a wide variety of occupations.

It is beyond question that a high proportion of these groups gave vent to their feelings of frustration by voting against the Labour candidates—not because they approved of the Conservatives, but because their expectations from Labour had been disappointed, and they had become acutely conscious of the difference of treatment meted out to them and that secured by doctors and University teachers. Many voted either Liberal, by way of vague protest, or Tory, in the hope that a Conservative would at any rate reduce their taxes.

Earnings Must Rise

The political loyalty of the manual workers remains solid; but they too have grievances which the Labour Government cannot afford to overlook. These apply especially to the time-working occupations, in which the gap between craftsman's and labourer's rates has been considerably narrowed and would become still narrower if concessions were made to the low-paid grades. There are, indeed, two conflicting claims now being pressed—one on behalf of the less skilled, and the other on behalf of skilled manual and lower-paid professional workers, who have become accustomed to higher standards. Both these groups are now feeling the pinch, and are the more resentful in that they see in the shops more goods they cannot afford.

These additional supplies may be largely the aftermath of last year's American recession, which diverted a good many frustrated exports to the home market. There is certainly no surplus production on a scale which could satisfy, without price increases, a substantial all-round increase in spending power. Surplus profits can be more heavily taxed; but no large proportion of them can be diverted to consumption without some inflationary effects. The Government may have a little in hand to play with if, as seems likely, it rather overdid "disinflation" last year. But it will be difficult to apportion this marginal sum among the rival claimants. If salaries are allowed to rise for, say, teachers, it will become quite impossible to maintain the "stop" on wage advances to skilled manual time-workers, or still less, to resist the claims of the lowest-paid sections.

Rationally, the best solution would probably be to raise children's allowances and pensions, and to grant substantial tax remissions in favour of the lower groups of salaries. But it looks as if things have gone too far for such a solution to have much chance. Both salaries and many wage rates will have to go up; and there will have to be not merely a profits squeeze but still greater output if we are to "get by" without runaway inflation.

Marshall Dollars

The General Election has distracted attention from the important hearings by Congressional committees on plans for Marshall Aid's third year. It looks as though the appropriation of $3 billion for which Mr. Hoffman has asked will have to be scaled down, while $600 million of the total will be earmarked for distribution, either by E.C.A. or by the proposed European Payments Union (if it takes shape), to countries whose measures to liberalise trade and foreign payments meet with American approval. This means that the British share is likely to be much less than the $720 millions agreed in Paris.

Mr. Kenney, chief of the E.C.A. Mission in Britain, has expressed the view that the British economy still "hangs in a delicate balance." He estimates that the dollar deficit will lessen in 1950-51, but he does not appear confident that the gap can be bridged without a curtailment of purchases by Britain in the dollar area which would react adversely on American interests. Indeed, he appears to contemplate the possibility of a further devaluation of the pound as a method of stimulating exports.

Cold War in India

India and Pakistan cannot escape the revolution that is sweeping over Asia and, in some form, over the rest of the world. No one should know better than Pandit Nehru, whom the British kept in prison for sixteen years, that the new law giving the Government power to detain without trial those who endanger public order, interfere with national defence or harm India's relations with foreign Powers, will not rid him of a revolutionary movement which, as he himself has always asserted, arises out of the mass misery of India. While half the budgets of India and Pakistan are wasted in military preparation against each other, India's programmes of economic development cannot be translated into practice. Unhappily, the cold war with Pakistan continues. In Karachi and Lahore it is seriously believed that India intends to conquer and absorb Pakistan. Statements have been made by members of the Hindu Mahasabha which give colour to that view.

Nehru rightly rebukes these as "madness," but cannot (without great risk to his Government and, incidentally, to his own life), make further concessions over Kashmir. Hoping to scotch some of the rumours of atrocities which now exacerbate feelings on both sides of the frontier, the Indian Premier recently tried, in vain, to persuade the Premier of Pakistan to accompany him on a visit to the danger zones. He has also urged a joint declaration, renouncing war as a method of settlement, and even let it be known at one stage that he was prepared to discuss a settlement on the basis of partition in Kashmir. Both proposals were rebuffed by Pakistan. The proposal to divide Kashmir should have been boldly offered long ago; for, in some form or other, it is the only alternative to war. This appears now to be clearly understood in Uno, which is once more seeking a new basis of settlement.

Strikes in France

Circumstances which surround the present wave of strikes in Paris and some industrial areas of France suggest that this outbreak is of much more than routine significance, and that, on the contrary, it foreshadows a new phase in Western Europe. To begin with, the strikes are of so patently an economic nature—are so far removed from the ground of purely political agitation—that none of the usual French voices has been raised to denounce them. Even the Archbishop of Paris, the head of a notably conservative (and, during the war, collaborationist) hierarchy, has found words of sympathy for men and women whose standard of living continues to sink beneath them. Conservative newspapers have at last discovered, with small cries of sorrow and amazement, that this standard of living is already disgracefully low. The Government, in seeking to diminish the importance of what is occurring, has given up blind anti-Communism—hitherto its whole

stock-in-trade—for the emission of a mass of contradictory figures, so that it becomes extremely difficult at a long distance to know exactly how things are going. But what is occurring, clearly enough, is no longer a sectional effort by part of the trade union movement to lift itself out of deepening economic distress, but a spontaneous gesture of protest by the whole movement, Catholic, non-Communist and Communist, against the incompetence of a Government which makes no attempt to halt the continuous fall in real wage levels. It was this breadth of protest which forced the Socialists out of the Government. The days when strikes in Western Europe could be dismissed as mere attempts—dictated by Moscow—to sabotage the Marshall Plan are over.

Roubles and Prices

In a wholly controlled economy, it is certainly easier to adjust real wages by means of sweeping price alterations rather than by revising the scales of money wages. The U.S.S.R. has found this method effective, and the reductions announced this week in the prices of many consumer goods follow closely the similar cuts made in the spring both of 1948 and 1949. The reductions range from 10 to 30 per cent., and apply to goods varying from food necessities to more durable products, such as pianos.

These price reductions, however, undoubtedly reflect an increase in the output of consumer goods and, possibly, a consequent reduction in costs. While the buying power of the average worker, in terms of the goods equivalent of each hour's work, remains lower than that of his Western counterparts, this increase in his real earnings shows that the U.S.S.R. is now catching up on the shortages created by large-scale war spending and post-war capital investment.

For propaganda purposes, the revaluation of the rouble by twenty per cent., and the substitution of a gold for a dollar base, will be useful. It casts some slight upon the stability of the dollar and it may somewhat improve Russian bargaining power in international trade. But since most of the Soviet foreign trade is conducted upon the basis of barter or in terms of currency equivalents, and since the nominal and internal value of the rouble are really unrelated, it makes little difference.

Miniature "Rapallo"

The Bonn Government's decision to abandon its threat of placing an embargo on steel supplies to the Eastern Zone of Germany, and to patch up the East-West trade agreement of last October, will prove, if carried through, an interesting sign of the times. It has evidently set by the ears a number of Allied officials in Berlin, who watch with growing concern the slow but steady improvement in the economic situation of the Eastern Zone, while the Western Zones continue downward into slump. But it reveals, more than anything else, the stubborn determination of Germans in the West—even when they are reactionaries—to set the unification of Germany above international considerations.

They might have gone through with their threat of a steel embargo and hung on for a better agreement. A steel embargo would certainly hurt the Eastern Zone, though not as much as it did a couple of years ago. There is not the slightest doubt, for example, that the Western blockade of the Eastern Zone, applied in retaliation for the Soviet blockade of the Western sectors of Berlin, caused the German Communists a nasty headache. But the Bonn Government, baldly reactionary though it is, evidently is not prepared to use this weapon.

In that sense their abandonment of the steel embargo constitutes a miniature "Rapallo." There is not much difficulty in seeing why they have chosen this course in inter-zonal trade. For months past the financial and economic newspapers of Western Germany have been full of complaints that recovery is being held back by the unnecessary exclusion of German factories from the markets of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. It was significant of this pressure that the Allied veto on the export of steel rails to China was eventually removed, at least in part. Secondly, German industrialists are expecting the Allied ban on foreign investment in Western Germany to be raised at any moment. Not unnaturally, they are anxious to do anything they possibly can to enhance the value of their share quotations—even if this means trading with the "forbidden East."

Negro Employment

The House of Representatives has passed a Bill which nominally seeks to establish fair employment practices; but it is not the Bill foreseen in President Truman's original demand for protection of Negroes and other minorities from discrimination by employers. This Bill would not punish by fine or imprisonment offences against the fair employment code—as does a similar law in New York and a few other States—but provides for a commission to investigate complaints and to use "conciliation and persuasion" with recalcitrant employers, who would be liable to a small fine only if they refuse to appear in answer to such complaints.

There are no teeth in this Bill. But it was passed as a substitute when the Administration's tougher Bill failed to secure enough support. In the voting, quite a number of the Fair Dealers and champions of minority rights opposed the substitute, on the grounds that it was a sham and quite useless as a weapon to prevent Negroes from being refused employment or being hired last and fired first, as is now a widespread practice. Others support it in the belief that it represents a step forward and that if the commission were set up it could accomplish much in the way of publicity without running into headlong opposition in the South.

In any case, this debate may well prove academic. The Republican-Dixiecrat alliance in the Senate is unlikely to take more kindly to this Bill than to the Administration's Bill "with teeth in it." It is the principle that is obnoxious, not the method of enforcing it. The Administration at present plans to start debate on its own Bill in the Senate next week: a filibustering obstruction will be inevitable, and almost certainly successful.

An Archbishop Resigns

The Vatican has announced the resignation of Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal and simultaneously "leaked" the news that Bishop Desranleau will shortly leave his diocese—a report that the Bishop so far denies. Few people in Canada accept the Vatican's excuse that the Archbishop is sick, for it is public knowledge that this is the culmination of his feud with Premier Duplessis of Quebec, which has been going on for years and which broke into open conflict last year at the time of the great asbestos strike. The Archbishop, who was supported powerfully by Bishop Desranleau, in whose diocese the strike occurred, upset the business interests by sponsoring a collection in his parish churches on behalf of the strikers, and by his enthusiastic backing of the most liberal elements of Quebec Catholicism.

Archbishop Charbonneau, in fact, has been the real leader of the struggle to reform the Church in Quebec and to adapt its social policies to the realities of an industrial society. Two years ago he defended two Catholic colleges, St. Stanislas and Marie de France, which were under attack in the legislature for taking a similar enlightened attitude; he has helped the Catholic syndicates to change slowly from little more than company unions into militant trade unions; and he has quietly but steadily opposed the reactionary policies of the Duplessis regime.

M. Duplessis and the asbestos magnates now have their revenge. The Archbishop's scarcely veiled dismissal comes after a visit paid to Rome by two of Duplessis's Ministers: and Duplessis, who did his utmost to smash the asbestos strike, is supported by the asbestos companies.

The Common Informer

The case of the "common informer" who got £200 in the High Court for proving that a Brighton dance-hall had been used for public dancing on Sundays passed with little comment among the excitements preceding the General Election. Comment on the merits of the case is, indeed, precluded by the possibility of an appeal—though it may as well be said, on behalf of the informer himself, that if he wanted to sue at all he could not sue for less than the £200 prescribed as a minimum by the Sunday Observance Act, 1780, and that he could in fact have sued for more: he could have got a further £100 from the manager, £50 from every doorkeeper taking tickets, and £50 from every agent who had sold them. But on the general question of law-enforcement at the instance of rewarded busybodies, is it not within the scope of the Lord Chancellor's Statute Law Revision Committee to propose an end to this thoroughly distasteful anachronism?

Parliament has recently resorted to it again in the Representation of the People Act, 1949, section 87(2) of which says that any policeman canvassing at an election "shall forfeit the sum of ten pounds, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction *by any person who shall sue for the same*". (The informer is to get £5 and the other £5 will go to the county police fund). Even if this is thought to be justified on grounds of *quis custodiet*, the principle is universally detested. Yet its critics are denied even the satisfaction of calling it "un-English"—it's as English as the Licensing Acts or M.I.5. Surely the time has come to discourage us from spying on each other like the religious zealots of the Middle Ages?

Winning the Next Election

IF there was one lesson to be learnt from the experience of the two minority Labour Governments, it was that office without power is more dangerous to a Left-wing party than no office at all. This lesson applies with equal force to the present situation. Mr. Attlee, of course, had to continue in office since no other party or combination of parties could form a government. Technically he has an over-all majority; but actually he will be at the mercy of the Opposition; and, so long as this Parliament lasts, the business of the country will have to be conducted by a series of uneasy compromises and tacit understandings. The Government will be unable to carry out the policy to which it is pledged, while the Opposition will continue to make capital out of the difficulties which are certain to arise. By the skin of his teeth, Mr. Churchill has avoided a victory which would speedily have exposed the hollowness of the countless promises with which his party wooed the electorate. He can now hope simultaneously to sustain and wear down the elected Government, choosing his own time for a dissolution. It would be difficult to imagine a situation more perilous to British Socialism or more to the liking of its opponents.

The best way to overcome this peril is to state it frankly. The one fatal thing would be to listen to the syrens who are now sweetly cooing in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*. Since there is no mandate for Socialism, they whisper, Mr. Attlee should accept the decision of February 23, excise Socialism from his party programme and work out a non-controversial policy which would unite the nation. But if there is no mandate for Socialism, there is no mandate either for stopping the advance to Socialism or for the chronic indecisions of a coalition. The nation has not opted for mugwumpery. On the contrary, it has overwhelmingly rejected the well-meaning platitudes of Liberalism and split sharply on the issue between Socialism and the "free enterprise" State, where compromise means national disintegration. The conclusion is clear. Whatever tactical accommodations may be necessary in order to pass the Budget, the Government must decide at once that its overriding aim is to win the next election and so to gain the mandate for Socialism which it so narrowly missed last week.

Reading the Tory press, one would get the impression that Mr. Churchill had scored a resounding victory. What actually happened, as the result of four years' Tory campaigning—in which every grudge and disgruntlement has been systematically exploited—was a reduction of Labour's share in the total poll by 1½% and a 3% increase in Conservative strength, with the Liberals polling slightly more than they did in 1945. Redistribution converted this very slight shift into a heavy loss of Parliamentary seats. It would be fantastic for the Labour Party to accept this marginal reverse as a decisive defeat or to draw the conclusion that the country has turned its back on Socialism. On the contrary, we can assume that the 13½ million voters who resisted Lord Woolton's campaign have decided that Socialism is preferable to a return to Tory rule; and we may reasonably hope that sufficient floating voters can be converted to Socialism at the next election to achieve a working majority.

We must reckon, however, that not many months will be available for this task of political education. If these months are to be well used, the defects in policy and organisation which led to last week's reverse must be speedily put right. The local Labour parties, exhilarated by a strenuous fight and more lively than at any time since July, 1945, must not be allowed to slip back into the lethargy which preceded the actual campaign. As the Tories learnt four years ago, votes are not won during the election, but in the interval between elections. This spring and summer must be used for the most intensive campaign of Socialist education which the Labour Party has ever undertaken.

It may be objected that since the prime object must be to capture the greater part of the Liberal vote, emphasis on Socialism would be out of place and the stress should be on the Welfare State. If this is an objection to a crude identification of Socialism with nationalisation, we accept its validity. In this journal, we have frequently warned the Labour Party that the public corporation in its present form is at best a half-way house to Socialism, one but only one of the many instruments available to a Labour Government for bringing irresponsible economic power under public control. In that transformation public ownership of steel is essential; but the nationalisation of cement and sugar or the mutualisation of industrial insurance are not. Indeed they are almost irrelevant compared with the tasks of redistributing the national income, increasing workers' participation in management, and removing economic privilege from the educational system. If we have learnt anything since 1945 it is surely the distinction between the ends of Socialism—full employment, fair shares and social equality—and the particular tactical instrument of nationalising a whole industry. The task of Socialism to-day is to socialise the nationalised industries, including steel, and to work out in the free enterprise sector the positive controls without which full employment cannot be maintained or fair shares enlarged. To talk vaguely of further large-scale nationalisation or, even worse, to propose the transfer of unimportant industries to public ownership is merely to play into the hands of the Tory propagandists.

The first necessity, therefore, is a re-definition of Socialist policy in terms of the actual problems which face the country, a task which the Labour Manifesto in the recent election so lamentably failed to do. Socialist planning in a mixed economy must be shown to be the only way to achieve our independence of American aid, to prevent a wages-profit spiral, to increase productivity and to direct production to nationally desirable ends. Such a re-definition would not be a retreat from Socialism, but an advance from the out-dated concepts of the 1930s. It would enable the Labour Party to expose the irresponsibility of Tory propaganda and to prove to the floating voter that the road for Britain to-day leads either back to unemployment or forward to Socialism. The annual party conference, which has been postponed until October, should be put back to Whitsuntide so that the summer can be used for the educational campaign.

In the second place, it is essential to recognise that, against an immensely powerful Tory machine, organisation counts at least as much as policy. In the industrial areas, a powerful trade union movement provides the permanent vehicle of political education so that the Labour Party needs only to come to life during elections. In dormitory suburbs and agricultural constituencies there is no such easy solution. Here the local Labour Party, assisted perhaps by the education committee of the Co-operative Society, must bear the whole Socialist burden in between elections as well as during them. Transport House assumed too easily that because the Labour Government had benefited the countryside, the countryside would vote Labour. In fact, although the Labour poll increased in many areas, the social pressure on the side of Toryism is still immensely great. What is needed to counteract it is the formation of numerous village Labour Parties. The time has come for a new Clarion campaign in which the Labour Parties of the great industrial cities come to the assistance of the politically distressed agricultural areas around them. The lesson of February 23 is that Socialist pioneering was not less but far more necessary under Labour's first majority Government. Without an immediate and urgent renewal of it, it will be impossible to achieve the working majority required to finish the task begun in 1945.

From the French Standpoint

IT would have made all the difference to Western Europe if Labour had been returned with a proper majority. As things are, the confusion and uncertainty of the British political scene will be shared by Western Europe until the next election—unless the new Attlee Government makes it clear that it has enough drive to fire the imagination of the British people. Already all the capitalist press of the world has united to ascribe the "failure" of British Socialism to some sort of "world trend"; the idea being that it is, somehow, natural that Adenauer should be allowed to make a complete economic mess of Western Germany, that the Demo-Christians should continue to mismanage Italy, that Belgium, under another Demo-Christian regime, should have over a quarter-million unemployed, and that Britain should follow suit. M. Reynaud and the *Figaro* are shaking their heads at the tendency of the Bidault Government—some of whose members are still anxious not to quarrel with the Socialists forever—to favour even a slight increase in French wages.

The Labour Party and its leaders are not particularly internationally minded—even at Strasbourg last summer many French Socialists bitterly complained of the Labour leaders' insularity—but the very existence of a Socialist Government in England is still a moral factor

of the first magnitude in all the countries of Western Europe, and a serious restraining influence on those who would like to launch an all-out capitalist offensive in these countries. In most of the capitalist papers of Western Europe there is serious misrepresentation of what really happened on February 23. The fact that, after five years in office, the proportion of the Labour votes dropped by only 1.4 per cent. is usually ignored, and instead, we are told about "the smashing defeat of Socialism." Now all these papers are gleefully looking forward to the next election which, they say, "will consecrate Churchill's triumph." The Socialist experiment, they suggest, will then be discarded, much of Labour's work undone, and Britain, like the rest of the non-Communist world, will return to healthy "free enterprise."

There are a number of things which have struck many of those French observers who went over to England for the election. One is that both sides were exceptionally courteous and "gentlemanly." Superficial observers saw in this "the very quintessence of a sound democratic tradition" in England. But other judges, looking a little below the surface, detected two things: on the one hand, a certain defensive and almost apologetic tone on the part of many Labour candidates, especially when it came to defending nationalisation, and a reluctance to use the word "Socialist." Would it, it is now asked, have really harmed the Labour vote if the electorate had been told a little more about the real significance, both in home terms, and in international terms, of the British *Socialist* experiment?

I think those French observers are right who believe that, far from being gentlemanly again, the next British election—whenever that may be—will be one of extreme viciousness. The French Socialists who, unlike the British Labour Party, are gravely handicapped by the rivalry of a powerful Communist Party, have looked to the British Labour Party with envy and admiration. Now they are deeply worried, not only because a Tory Government in Britain—should that be the outcome of the next election—will increase the subsequent attraction of the British Communists (a relatively small matter), but because the offensive throughout Western Europe against the Communists—that will follow a Tory victory—will become an offensive against the democratic Left as well.

Although the French Socialists do not presume to give advice to the still powerful Labour Party, many of their spokesmen have what might be called a more scientific approach to Socialism than many of our Labour leaders have; and they have not failed to note two important points: Morgan Phillips's admission that the Labour Party did not take sufficient advantage of its opportunities to "educate the electorate," and make them see the election issues more clearly; and, secondly, the stupendous organisational and financial effort made by the Tories, over a long period (and not just during the election campaign), to win over the floating vote, notably in the London dormitory suburbs. M. Blum's *Populaire* recalls how last spring it already sounded the alarm when it learned that Lord Woolton had set up "a formidable machine, the importance of which our British comrades should not underrate." French observers feel, too, that the Tories, on the whole, made better use of the election broadcasts than Labour. Did not the latter's sweet reasonableness lack just a bit of pep? If the French Socialists, in their humble condition, lack *dynamisme*, has not the Labour Party been found lacking in it, too?

In other words, a Socialist *mystique* had not been sufficiently cultivated, or the pride in being a Socialist. The failure to impress this upon the rural voter has been particularly striking. The rout of the British Communists and of the fellow-travellers is, of course, conveniently attributed by the capitalist press to the "common sense" of the British people. But, apart from the fact that the French Communists have annexed, as it were, the great French revolutionary tradition (which would, in any circumstances, make the total disappearance of the French C.P. very unlikely), the French Communists are, above all, thriving on the raw deal given since the war to the French working-class. The Fair Shares policy of Labour, far more than any "innate" British common sense, knocked out the Communists. The *Humanité* was so embarrassed by the Communist rout that not a single word of explanation is to be found about it in the long dispatch on Saturday from its London correspondent.

Paris, February 28. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

OLD hands were not to be deceived on Thursday night by a series of Labour victories in the big cities. No Sir. We knew better than that! There were tests to be applied. Birmingham, traditional stronghold of Conservatism, where Labour astoundingly won 10 out of 13 seats in 1945, was scarcely expected, even by the most optimistic, to yield more than 7 returns in 1950. When 9 Labour victories were recorded there, it did seem some indication that no Conservative swing was in process—a view confirmed when the two critical seats in St. Pancras and both the Readings came down on the Labour side. The final impression in the small hours of Friday morning was of groups of deeply chagrined Conservatives both in posh parties in the big hotels and in howling mobs in Trafalgar Square. When Mr. Attlee's portrait appeared, girls screamed hysterically, calling him "rat-face" and other less printable names. Then I ran into Hannen Swaffer, standing alone, apostolic and oracular. As the big Northern and Midland majorities were announced in succession he said, waving his hand to the moon, "These people seem to like their chains. They do not want Mr. Churchill to set them free."

* * *

On Friday morning Labour was 60 ahead, then 50, 40, 30, 10, 20 again and, at one moment, none at all. It was a game of "he loves me, he loves me not" with certain conclusions becoming every minute more clear. All the Independents were out, including the expelled Labour Independents. If Zilliacus was at the bottom of the poll, then this was a machine-won election, since man for man, no one would have preferred his official opponent. Clearly, we had under-estimated the power of the Conservative machine in villages and in small towns in comparison with its relative impotence in big towns. There were a few country areas where sheer hard work by a Labour candidate had done wonders; John Haire did astonishingly well to hold High Wycombe and Aidan Crawley to win again in Oxfordshire. Another conclusion, noted by the pundits, was that in the redistribution, Labour had actually presented the Tories with some 25 certain seats. This is the only known case of altruistic jerrymandering.

* * *

The great post-electoral argument turns on what would have happened if no Liberals had stood except where Liberals had a good chance of winning. The Tory press assumes that if there had been fewer Liberal candidates there would automatically have been a Conservative majority. This argument is blown to smithereens by Lord Layton in the *News Chronicle*. He tells us that according to a Gallup inquiry, 42% of Liberal voters would have supported the Conservative if no Liberal candidate had been standing, 22% the Labour candidate, and the rest would have abstained. On this basis, 20% of the Liberal vote would have been added to the Conservative poll where the Liberal stood down. In only twelve cases, Lord Layton points out, would the addition of one-fifth of the Liberal poll have given the Conservatives a victory over Labour. In short, if the Liberals had stood down, the result of the election would have been equally indecisive.

* * *

The writer of a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* also shows that, if two-thirds of all Liberal votes in the country had gone to the Tories and one-third to Labour, Mr. Churchill would now be forming a government with a majority of the same size as that now at Mr. Attlee's disposal. To all this I would add a dose of scepticism about the validity of even Lord Layton's careful figures. For his assumption is that the transference of one-fifth of the Liberal votes would take place equally in all parts of the country. In truth, neither he nor anyone else has any idea how the transference of votes would have fallen. I cannot even accept the common generalisation that in England, South of the line from Bristol to the Wash, a Liberal candidate splits the anti-Socialist vote, while to the North of it he splits the anti-Conservative vote. The only case of which I am sure is that in Wales the majority of the Liberal vote would not in any circumstances go Conservative. If Lady Megan were to stand down, most of her votes would be for the Labour candidate. In short people vote Liberal for all sorts of reasons. In some places they even vote Liberal because they are Liberals, not because they are "anti" anything. In other areas, again, the Liberals won the Roman Catholic vote by being irresponsible in promising money for Catholic Schools. On this issue more "market research" is wanted.

* * *

The prize for the meanest little press stunt of the year must go to the *Daily Express*. A quarrel, in which Mr. Bevan is supposed to be engaged with the rest of the Cabinet, occupied both on Monday and Tuesday of this week a

large part of the front page of the *Express*. To understand this story, it must be remembered that Aneurin Bevan's programme of speaking during the election was arranged, like that of other Ministers, by Transport House, and that the press was disappointed that he did not vilify the middle classes during his tour. The *Express* now suggests that because he differed from Mr. Morrison about the tactics of the election, he became "sulky" and refused to speak during the election! Having created the impression that he was sulky, the *Daily Express* now goes on to build up a structure upon its own invention. The only hard fact in the entire stunt is that Mr. Bevan was not at a particular Cabinet meeting. On this the *Express* builds as follows:

> Yesterday Mr. Bevan caused it to be known for the first time that illness prevented him from attending Saturday's crucial Cabinet meeting. This was regarded as evidence that he has decided to get over his sulky mood caused by the rejection of his views on how to conduct the election . . . and of course Mr. Bevan is realising on reflection that his moody attitude is damaging to his aspirations.

To support this verbal picture, the photographers, who, with other newshounds, have besieged Mr. Bevan's house continuously ever since his return to London, provide a photograph of Mr. Bevan sitting in a car with an expression which those who understand the subtleties of press photography will not be surprised to hear is indubitably "sulky."

My only surprise is that tears of repentance are not shown rolling down his cheeks.

* * *

The trials of American and British subjects in Hungary have helped us to forget the fact that a number of well-known Hungarians, both Communists and Social Democrats, seem to have been long in prison in Budapest without any trial at all. News of their arrests was published in some cases before the Rajk trial. But I have seen no information about any charges brought against them or about any sentences passed on them. Surely the Hungarian Government, for the sake of its own good name, should publish the evidence? Paul Ignotus, for instance, who has been Press Attaché at the Hungarian Legation in London since the war, is reported by one Paris paper to have been given a long term of imprisonment. Mr. Paloczy-Horvath, who, like Ignotus, worked for his country's liberation through the European Service of the B.B.C. during the war, is also reported to have been arrested. Among other Hungarians whose fate is, as far as I have been able to discover, unknown in the West is Mrs. Edith Bone, a British subject, who was correspondent for the *Daily Worker*.

* * *

I hope that the Rev. Michael Scott is able to have copies made of the remarkable film he has brought with him to London. He showed it to the delegates at Uno when he went there to plead the case of the Hereros, and I have seen no more damning indictment of the conditions under which Africans live under the Malan Government. It has all the classic contrasts—between the modern stores of Johannesburg and the canvas shanties of "Tobruk," the squatters' camp in which Michael Scott went to live, between spacious avenues and stinking slums surrounded by open sewers. But the most revolting sequence showed a contest of coloured "gladiators." The Government threatened to deport an American journalist for malicious falsehood in describing this scene, until these photographs were produced to support his report. Here, on the veldt, Africans from different tribes, working as servants in the town, are lined up, armed with knuckledusters and encouraged to fight brutally. Police armed with whips and batons patrol the arena to prevent the "fun" degenerating into a riot. The ring is kept by Whites, including a good many children, who have come to enjoy this sadistic spectacle. The official excuse is that it gives the Africans a chance to let off steam and diverts them from attacking White women.

* * *

Saturday was for me another day of alternating hopes and fears. I had promised to tell a Danish audience in the evening all about the results of the British General Election. The aircraft started in spring sunshine, but when we were near Copenhagen we were switched, owing to heavy snow, to Gothenburg. In the end, however, we were taken on, just in time, to Copenhagen. "Yes," said a Danish friend, "you have begun spring in England; in Scandinavia it is still the depths of winter." In that case could one expect an audience? Would people of Copenhagen really be so interested in British affairs that they would come out on a freezing night to hear about our British elections? Four or five hundred students actually turned out. Indeed, I learned that the front pages of most of the newspapers had been largely devoted to our elections for some time, and that the success or failure of individual politicians and the speeches of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee were almost as fully quoted in Copenhagen as in England. There is a more clear understanding in Scandinavia than anywhere else in the world that if Parliamentary democracy has a future it must survive in Britain. These are the countries in which the words Social-Democracy have real meaning.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Workmen of the Railway Executive holding passes or free tickets, when going to and from their work, must travel together and, as far as possible, apart from other passengers.—*British Railways Rule Book.* (A. Richardson.)

SLIP POSTERS (Size 5in. by 20in.)
.. Leave this Place Clean
2d. each; 11/6 per 100; £5 5s. per 1,000.
.. Please leave this Place Clean
3d. each; 17/6 per 100; £8 per 1,000.
Extract from list of publications of the Central Council for Health Education. (A. Alexander.)

Invisible menders wanted. Experienced in all materials including spots and silks. High basic wage and good bonus averaging £10 per week. After Election this bonus may be tax free.—Advert in *Star*. (H. W. Guthrie.)

A Ministry of Labour course at Bridgend (Glam.) in the tuning of mouth organs has been cancelled.—*News Chronicle*. (G. J. Wallis.)

WHITE TO PLAY

"Stalemate!" announce the Opposition press,
"The Premier cannot hold the winning line!
According to the proper rules of chess,
He should resign."

"Stalemate!" the foreign editors exclaim,
As the All-England champion is returned—
Not knowing that the House of Commons' game
Was but adjourned.

White (Attlee-Capablanca) takes his seat,
Confronting Black (or Churchill-Alekhine).
White's strategy seeks to avert defeat,
Black plays to win.

Material advantage rests with White,
Positional advantage lies with Black;
White's cramped positions obviously invite
All-out attack.

White has recaptured the initiative
But one false move his planned defence would wreck—
Deep combinations are in train, to give
Discovered check.

Spectators offer Liberal advice
While Black develops an ingenious threat;
And baits a trap for unsound sacrifice,
A mating net.

The King's Side Opening experts surmise,
Parliamentary Queens and Knights arrange;
Black plans an operation surprise,
A smart exchange.

White will advance no isolated pawn
And from defensive tactics will not stray.
Stalemate? White's game need not be lost—nor drawn—
It's White to Play!

SAGITTARIUS

Bombs on China

AFTER the traditional bargaining carried on with typical Asian patience, Mao Tse-tung has now come home with a very nice pact. He has gained a lot of face and so have the Russians. The bargain reminds one of the Americans renouncing extra-territorial rights in China. This they could afford to do because, as long as Nationalist China was dependent on them, they in fact had extra-territorial rights. So Russia now is giving up officially a naval base and all its rights on the Northern railways, which in fact, as long as Mao Tse-tung is dependent on Russia, they will still hold. Although there is little doubt felt here that Mao Tse-tung's pact has secret clauses, and although there is a great deal of scepticism about how far Russia really gave in to Mao's demands, there is no underestimating the terrific propaganda value the formal phrases of the Treaty will have inside China. In a country where the formal phrase is almost identical with the concept of face, and where a piece of paper with flowery phrases is looked upon as a talisman, the formal meaning of the words is more important than any real meaning.

It would be too much to say that it was about time Mao got back to Pekin: in China, crises take long to develop. But there was definite unrest during Mao's long stay in Moscow, and the coalition between the revolutionary K.M.T., the Liberals and the Communists was near to breaking up. The extreme Left faction was trying to exploit Mao's absence by goading the non-Communists into a break-

up of the coalition, while Marshal Li Tsung Tsen and Mme. Sun Yat Sen were seriously worried about the protracted talks. They feared that the Russians would exact too much tribute and at the same time influence Mao away from his comparatively moderate policy. The wording of the Treaty satisfies everyone now. To the ultra-Nationalists it means that no foreigner will have jurisdiction in Manchuria, while the pro-Russians are happy at having seen their leader sit on Stalin's right hand, and having his promise of an everlasting friendship.

There is more trouble, however, in Red China than Pekin's political near-crisis. As usual, the storm centres are the two most Westernised cities in China, Shanghai and Canton—both over-crowded and over-grown, both long used to black markets and the devious delights of free enterprise. In Shanghai, it is the Nationalist bombing and the Nationalist blockade which are bringing things to a head, and in Canton it is the nearness of Hongkong which makes most trouble for the Communist Government. For reasons best known to themselves, the Communists were always lackadaisical in defending Shanghai. They did not bother to try and break the Nationalist blockade, they extended no helping hand to British or American ship-owners or airlines who wanted to come to Shanghai, and they did not bother to put up any air defences although Shanghai was having frequent small raids.

Perhaps they figured that the raids would drive out superfluous population and that the blockade would successfully starve out the middlemen with whom they were trying to dispense. They probably supposed that the Nationalists would never mount a serious raid on Shanghai because all the utilities and important godowns were American- or British-owned. They did not reckon with the despairing mood of the Formosan exiles which is now expressed by a desire for the destruction of the China which rejected them. So they were shockingly taken by surprise on February 2, when the Nationalists mounted a raid carried out by a dozen B24s (Liberators) aimed at the two all-important power stations which serve Shanghai.

These B24s were given to the Nationalists by the American Government, complete with bombsights, and it is not difficult for even inexperienced crews to hit targets from 5,000ft., which is the height at which the bombers were flying, as there was no more dangerous opposition than a few machine-guns mounted on Shanghai's higher rooftops. They hit the American-owned Chapei power station squarely, destroying one generator and damaging another one very badly, and killing about 15 irreplaceable engineers. Luckily, from the point of view of the Communist authorities, they missed the French power station, but they managed to kill about a thousand people in the southern part of French Town and Nantao. The result was absolute chaos for a day. Shanghai was without light or water, the sewage system stopped working, and it was a week before parts of Shanghai received water again. Even to-day, light is not available in all parts of the town. Factories, three weeks after the raid, have not yet resumed operations.

Several more raids have since been made, and people in Shanghai are getting to be very jittery. The city is so over-crowded that a machine-gun bullet can manage to kill three people at a time, so that, even though these raids are small by Western standards, it is understandable that the population of Shanghai is scared. The problems facing the Communists were intensified because all this happened just before Chinese New Year. At Chinese New Year traditionally all outstanding debts have to be settled and presents have to be given. These are matters of very great importance to the average Chinese. As the factories stopped working and as the J.M.P., the Communist currency, lost value, the workers began to get even more restless. They wanted their New Year's bonus, which usually amounted to about two months' wages. The factories did not know where to get the money, and the Government was scared that payment of these bonuses would hurry on the inflation.

They finally "solved" this problem by loaning Victory Bonds to some of the factories, which were paid out to the workers. These bonds are not convertible, and certainly did not help to buy the traditional New Year's sweets or firecrackers. It is hard to say how far the unrest has gone in Shanghai, but there have been persistent reports of strikes. At the same time, the authorities, in trying to prevent the inflation, are levying very high taxes and forcing business firms to make "voluntary" contributions to the buying of Victory Bonds. This, of course, is aimed at squeezing out the middlemen, and seems to be successful as the pessimism of the businessmen grows and business failures increase. Foreign firms are caught in a cleft stick as the Communists will not allow them to close. There are many of them who are not doing anything except paying their employees' salaries. Most foreigners are hoping that the *General Gordon*, the usual Shanghai evacuation ship, will be coming up the Wangpoo about the middle of March to take away the American Consulate staff and incidentally other foreigners as well.

In Canton, labour unrest is mainly caused by the fantastic inflation. Here, too, it was the New Year's bonus which was the main problem. The J.M.P. fell from 4,000 to the Hong Kong dollar on the 16 February (New Year's Eve) to 10,000 on 21 February (first working day after the New Year holiday). The authorities took drastic steps—arresting black market operators, forcing workers to subscribe to the Victory loan—but, even so, it seems they have been unable to arrest the fall of the J.M.P., which is caused more by a lack of confidence in the currency than the actual amount of money in circulation; for, paradoxically, money is tight in Canton to-day. This general labour unrest is a symptom showing that the Liberation honeymoon is definitely over, but it does not mean that the Communists are any less firm in the saddle than they were 6 months ago. They have lost some of the people's confidence and they have alienated a lot more, but a public opinion cannot really be formulated by the illiterate and uncomprehending masses of China. Power in this land rests on conquest.

Hongkong, February 23.

The Sugarbeet Revolution

"As for our captain, forsooth his name is Hunger." The reply of the Tudor rioters might well have been made by any generation of men, so compelling is the power of Want which throughout the ages has driven mankind to such prodigies of irrigation and reclamation, mechanical invention and scientific discovery. And the principal means whereby *Homo Sapiens et Faber* meets this enduring challenge are the familiar economic plants which we call crops. Now crops, like so many other things on the farm, are not so simple as they appear. They are not just plants which happen to be grown in a field; they are part of a planned and purposeful rotation or, more broadly, part of a farming system.

Consider, for instance, the story of the root crops, which began in the Eighteenth Century, when the turnip, the swede and the mangold made their appearance in the fields of the British farmer. Unromantic in character, they were revolutionary in effect. Indeed, their coming was as important as the contemporary harnessing of steam-power to mechanical industry, for they ended at last the age-old dependence on hay, inadequate alike in quality and quantity, for the winter feeding of stock. The Nineteenth Century, secure in its winter keep, saw the development of the improved breeds of livestock we know to-day.

But the new crops answered a technical as well as an economic need. For one of the major agricultural curses is the weed and the men of the Old Farming, who sowed their seed, broadcast, by hand, knew only one way of controlling these pests—the bare fallow which annually occupied one of the Three Fields of the traditional farming system. But the coming of the roots coincided with the coming of the drill, the implement which sows seeds in the neat long rows we so much admire from the windows of the railway carriage; thus the new crops could be sown at a distance apart which allowed continuous hoeing between their drilled lines. From henceforth, therefore, weeds could be controlled on land that carried a crop, and so was ended, on most soils, the old, wasteful necessity of the bare fallow which farmers had endured.

Rightly, therefore, did the roots assume an almost mystical significance in the eyes of the men of the Agricultural Revolution, and they continued as one of the foundations of the mid-Victorian High Farming. But then, beginning in the later 1870s, the great slump came to British agriculture, and it fell heaviest on the more intensively cultivated land. The grazier suffered less than the arable farmer, and the latter soon found that his root crops, whose demands on labour and manures make them the most expensive in the rotation, were becoming a heavy economic liability. Yet their technical necessity continued, for without them the weeds would get out of hand. The dilemma was painful; either the weeds gained or the farmer lost; and, as the depression continued, the stan-

dards as well as the area of ploughland farming declined. Gardeners who struggle with weeds in a few roods of land will appreciate the *cri du cœur* of a farmer in a hard-hit ploughland district: "The land about here is more than foul, it is downright obscene."

Thus did one of the British farmer's traditional tools break in his hand, and by the end of the century his need was clear. He wanted a crop technically similar to the older roots but economically more profitable. In particular, he wanted a root which, instead of being consumed on the farm by stock, could be sold off the holding for cash. Fortunately, the answer was waiting overseas, where the Tool-making Animal had not been idle. This answer was the sugarbeet.

This crop originally began as an obscure little plant, apparently rather like a parsnip, which grew wild on the Atlantic sea coasts. Sugar was first extracted from it, experimentally, in 1747. Fifty years later, the first sugarbeet factory in the world was opened in Silesia with the financial support of the King of Prussia, and it achieved a modest commercial success. But it was war, not economics, which spread its cultivation over Europe. Napoleon, cut off from the cane of the tropics by the British blockade, turned to beet with all his accustomed purpose, and in less than a decade created in his Empire a very considerable sugarbeet industry, complete with factories and research centres. But administrative enthusiasm outran scientific development, and the achievements of the next century were less spectacular but more solid; the scientists trained the sugarbeet for its job.

For instance, it was by nature an annual plant which sent up its seed-stalks and produced seed in the first year it was planted. The scientists, therefore, converted it to biennial habits, so that it could devote the entire energies of its first year to the development of its sugar-producing root. Further, as an annual plant it had seen no necessity to grow or to store sugar after the summer, but, as a biennial, it could be persuaded to continue both these useful processes till the end of the season. Then, too, it was accustomed to produce sugar merely for its own particular needs; so the scientists, by systematic selection and breeding, taught it to produce an increasing percentage of sugar for the men who cultivated it. And so the story went on, with patient research and experiment and the gradual accumulation of knowledge and technique, until by 1900 the sugarbeet had doubled its yield per acre and more than doubled its individual sugar-content; the tiny Silesian venture of 1800 had developed into an industry which produced about half the total sugar-output of the world. All in a hundred years, all on the basis of a thing like a parsnip; it was a very, very remarkable achievement.

Now, the older roots had come to the fields of the British farmer simply and casually *via* the interested private improver, and they had spread, by slow force of example, from the scattered centres of the New Farming. But the sugarbeet was a different type of crop, with a different economic background. For one thing, it is not solely an agricultural plant; it is also industrial raw material which is processed not, like its predecessors, in the stomachs of farm animals but in factories. Further, as the youngest of man-made plants, it lacks the accumulated experience which lies behind the older crops and so stands in peculiar need of research in the laboratory and advisory services in the field. Its introduction, therefore, demands capital expenditure so heavy that only public authority can provide adequate security and the sugarbeet, created by *Homo Faber*, was established by *Homo Politicus*. The tradition of the King of Prussia and Napoleon continued, and in no case did the sugarbeet take economic root in any European country without the patronage or support of the Government.

And so it was in England. The nineteenth century saw various unsuccessful attempts to introduce it to this country, and its final establishment began with the experiments in the early 1900s of the Earl of Denbigh. In 1906 he instituted a famous debate on the subject in the House of Lords and later helped to found the British Sugarbeet Association, in which the Ministry of Agriculture and Cambridge University became interested. The first modern factory in England, Cantley, opened in 1912, was built with Dutch assistance; and despite a Government grant, it was soon forced to close down by heavy losses. After the First World War a second start, in which the Government and the Association co-operated, was made; the infant industry was encouraged, first, by fiscal concessions, then by direct subsidy; and, by 1934, eighteen factories were dealing with the produce of 400,000 acres of sugarbeet; about one arable acre in twenty-five was under the new crop.

The agricultural benefit was enormous, though difficult to assess in statistical terms. For the sugarbeet is a versatile tool. It needs the same sort of tillages as the older roots and so provides the cleaning crop of the rotation; it produces sugar and therefore a direct cash return; it leaves the farmer valuable stock-food in the shape of tops and pulp; and, perhaps equally important, it demands a high standard of manuring and cultivation so that, in the words of a practical modern authority, "it is difficult to measure the value of the sugarbeet crop in maintaining technical skills and soil fertility." Thus, the great centre of the new crop was East Anglia, traditionally a ploughland stronghold, and it is widely held there that it was sugarbeet which saved arable farming in those counties from complete collapse in the chronic slump between the wars.

And so we come to modern times; the sugarbeet crop now produces about a quarter of our total national requirements of sugar. But meanwhile the morals of the story have been accumulating. For the tale of the roots, from the turnip to the sugarbeet, illustrates the dependence, technical as well as economic, of the farming industry on the outside world. Agriculture is not an autonomous industry; on the contrary, it is part of the general economic life of the nation, and the farmer is bound in partnership with many interests far beyond the boundaries of his farm. Neither can he now create all his own tools; on the contrary, in the last century he has become increasingly dependent on the scientist and the engineer for his equipment, organic as well as mechanical. The British farming community was once able to introduce the turnip, the swede and the mangold; but it did not create the sugarbeet, neither was it able, unaided, to establish it in this country.

NIGEL HARVEY

Shoeshine

IN Rome they are darting, pouncing little boys. In New York they are hefty Negroes, kneeling before raised thrones in "shoeshine parlours" advertised by neon lights. In London they are ageing men in red coats and blue trousers, whose fortunes depend on the humours of our climate.

On a fine day, a shoeshine man reckons to gross ten shillings. The charge is sixpence, with an occasional threepenny tip. (I am not speaking of the aristocrats in Piccadilly, who seem to be mostly Scotchmen; they charge a shilling.) There are other factors, of course. There may be something on, for which people hang about and kill time: a royal drive, the visit of a film star to a *première*, election results or other big news in the next edition of the evening paper. Then, as a regular thing, Friday is a bad day: everyone hurries home for the week-end, eager to shake the dust of the streets off his shoes by mixing it with the dew of the fields, rather than to have it methodically removed. Saturday, by contrast, is a good day; suburban and provincial visitors stroll aimlessly about the West End, and many think it a lark to use a service lacking in smaller towns.

Ten shillings for eight hours' work means two or three pairs of shoes cleaned every hour. Business cannot be called brisk; nor has it been any brisker these twenty years, if we except the golden interlude when the American Army was here. One sometimes sees a short queue for the block at St. Giles' Circus, strategically placed beside the bus stop, the tube station, and the Dominion Cinema, at which people arrive while the film has five minutes to run; or else at Charing Cross and Waterloo stations, where some suburbanites have caught an earlier up train than they needed. But elsewhere, and particularly in Leicester Square where there are three or four shoeshine men, trade, these days, is very slow.

What is the reason for this decline, which has put almost all the busy pitches at the Stock Exchange and the Bank out of commission, and caused all but two of the original six Benevolent Societies to wither away? There's not so much money about as in the old days, say the shoeshine men, almost all of whom were in business before 1914. Taxation and rising prices have made the middle classes count their sixpences more carefully than they counted the twopence which was the original price of a shoeshine. Then, two developments caused gentlemen to discover that they could clean their own shoes. These were service in two world wars, and the disappearance of servants from many homes. Making a virtue of necessity, these people began to take a pride in their shining skill and to swear that they could do a better job than any of the professionals. The lavish advertisements of certain brands of polish, in which well-dressed men displayed their shoes to admiring acquaintances, contributed too.

A man cannot support a family these days on an uncertain income of two to three pounds a week. So no young men are entering this profession, and in time it will no doubt disappear with the gradual demise of the last diehards in this already thin red line. True, the polish and brushes can be bought wholesale; the Cherry Blossom company provides the uniforms; and the Benevolent Societies, for a shilling a week, "look after you when you're taken queer." But no shoeshine man, I think, holds the position of main breadwinner in his household. Mostly they live with their married sons or daughters and make a fairly small contribution to the family income.

Despite this position, which a harsh observer might call doubly parasitic, they are deeply attached to their jobs. One gets the impression that they will carry on until collapse overtakes them brush in hand. They will fall defending a craftsmanship as noble, in the eyes of its practitioners, as that of any weaver or potter. "They die with your boots clean" might be the motto.

Will any Chancellor of the Exchequer, any Minister of National Insurance, think to defend these men from the hazards of changing times? I doubt if they would wish special protection. But one fiscal reform would be welcomed by a shoeshine man of my acquaintance: a penny off the pint. "Beer's a heavy expense," he said wistfully. "No fault of mine. But I was took prisoner by the Jerries—the 1914 war, that was—and they made us work in the salt mines. We used to get so thirsty that, this very day, every time I think of it I have to go and have a pint."

MERVYN JONES

Concerning the Play of Ideas

[In this article, the author of many theatrical successes presents a provocative challenge which James Bridie—followed, we hope, by others—will take up in our columns next week.]

I BELIEVE that the best plays are about people and not about things. I am in fact a heretic from the now widely held faith that a play which concerns itself with, say, the artificial insemination of human beings or the National Health Service is of necessity worthier of critical esteem than a play about, say, a mother's relations with her son or about a husband's jealousy of his wife.

I further believe that the intellectual *avant-garde* of the English theatre—or rather, let's be both brave and accurate, and say of the English-speaking theatre, since in my view, the Americans are the worst offenders—are, in their insistence on the superiority of the play of ideas over the play of character and situation, not only misguided but old-fashioned.

It was in 1895 that Shaw began his battle in the *Saturday Review* on behalf of the "New" theatre, the Ibsenite theatre, the "theatre as a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, and an elucidator of social conduct." In what single respect have the present-day proponents of "sociologically significant" drama advanced one step beyond the standpoint taken up in 1895 by a man whose only aim, as he himself admits, was, by his vituperation of the existing theatre, to "cut his own way into it at the point of his pen"?

That he succeeded brilliantly in that ambition, and that he is still a vital and, happily, living force in our theatre should not blind us to the fact that fifty years of completely stagnant thought and theory concerning the drama is a depressing concept, if not to the *avant-garde*, at least to me. For the history of artistic endeavour is surely the history of change, and our painters are not still urged to paint like Burne-Jones, nor our poets to compose like Swinburne. Why then should our dramatists still be encouraged to write like late Ibsen or early Shaw?

Let us examine Shaw's campaign of the 'nineties and see where it has led the modern theatre.

Nowhere at all, is my belief. In fact, in one most important respect there has been a definite retreat. It is now the practice of the theatrical ideologists (using the word in the general and not necessarily political sense) when confronted with a play which, though an acknowledged world masterpiece, hasn't an idea (in the ideological sense) in it—*Othello*, for instance—promptly to take one of their own ideas, stick it in the play, and then triumphantly discover it. Not so Shaw. That giant, seeing the problem steadily and seeing it whole, scorned such petty tricks of legerdemain. If a play didn't conform to the pattern he had laid down of what a good play should be, then it was just not a good play, and, for that reason, must be attacked. As witness: "*Othello* is pure melodrama. There is not a touch of character that goes below the skin; and the fitful attempts to make Iago something better than a melodramatic villain only make a hopeless mess of him and his motives. To anyone capable of reading the play with an open mind as to its merits, it is obvious that Shakespeare plunged through it so impetuously that he had it finished before he had made up his mind as to the character and motives of a single person in it."

So much for *Othello*. And so much, in these bellicose pages, for *Anthony and Cleopatra*. ("To say that there is plenty of bogus characterisation in it—Enobarbus for instance—is merely to say that it is by Shakespeare") for *Julius Caesar* ("rhetoric, claptrap, effective gushes of emotion, all the devices of the popular playwright are employed with a profusion of power that almost breaks their backs") and for many of those other non-ideological works of that non-Ibsenite, but still infuriatingly popular dramatist whom Shaw, correctly and honestly recognised as the arch-enemy of his own pet theory of drama. Finally, in one explosive and oft-quoted sentence Shaw summed up the point at issue. "With the single exception of Homer there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his."

That, of course, was bound to be the logical conclusion of the Shavian view of drama—Shakespeare's mind was despicable because it didn't contain the sort of ideas that Shaw would have liked it to contain. Shakespeare's plays were claptrap because they were about people and not about things. Wilde's *Importance of being Earnest* was necessarily an inferior play to the same author's *The Ideal Husband*, for the latter contained an "idea" and the former did not. Ibsen was first, Shaw second, the rest, virtually nowhere. The theatre of ideas, in fact, could not, in Shaw's view, live in peace and amity with any other kind of theatre at all. It had to conquer or die.

Well, it conquered all right, and the theatre it had defeated was condemned to death, without benefit, even, of a Nuremberg; but, though duly hanged in approbrium, it, strangely refused to die. Why? That surely is a question that should exercise the *avant-garde*. Despite fifty years in which the ideological drama has been in secure possession of the critical field, why has its poor prostrate foe, though reviled and execrated, continued not only to live but even to flourish? Is it merely the notoriously poor taste of audiences? Or is it—please don't laugh too soon—because that theatre, the theatre that deals with people and stories instead of with ideas and theories, is immortal? Even as I write it, I realise that such a question would nowadays not even draw a laugh in response; just a polite snigger at my poor attempt at a witty paradox.

So complete, in fact, has been the Shavian-Ibsenite victory that in 1950 any defence of the theatre they defeated is considered to be no more than a naughty heretical joke. Daily, we playwrights are exhorted to adopt themes of urgent topicality, and not a voice is raised in our defence if we refuse. That refusal is universally and blandly taken to indicate that our minds are empty of ideas, and being so, are despicable. The Shavian standpoint again, but with that unfair and dishonest retreat from the Shavian logicality which I have deplored already. We recusants and heretics can no longer claim Shakespeare as our ally, for *Hamlet* is now loaded with social significance, while *Othello* has become a plea for racial equality, *Macbeth* a disquisition on absolutism, and *Lear*—well, *Lear* baffles them a bit, but as it has baffled the rest of the human race for over three hundred years, no great weakness in the argument is apparent. We are not even allowed to cite Congreve, Sheridan and Wilde, for it is now perfectly plain that their comedies were no more than a satirical comment on the society of their day—the comedy of manners, in fact, which is as superior, ideologically speaking, to the comedy of character and situation as is Mont Blanc to the Eiffel Tower, (the simile Shaw used when comparing *Peer Gynt* to *Hamlet*, but that is by the way). Tchekov, happily spared the Shavian cat o'nine tails by writing too late, is, of course, a precursor of the Russian revolution, and the *Cherry Orchard* simply drips with contemporaneity. We really have no one to turn to at all, save Pinero who is still allowed us, but whose name is, anyway, only used as a term of reproach.

Where are we then, those of us who hold, as I do, that the whole cult of the play of ideas is itself a heresy and is founded on a misconception and a misreading? In the intellectual and critical soup, without a doubt, so shunned and scorned and abhorred that no one is ever

likely to take us seriously enough even to enquire what we mean. But if anyone ever did, I think I should answer him thus :

" The misconception on which your cult is founded is that ideology equals intellect. It doesn't. The misreading is of Ibsen, who was considerably less interested in his own ideas than were his followers, and considerably more interested in his own characters than were his critics."

Supposing I had thus captured the imaginary interlocutor's amused interest, I would shoot this question at him : " Why is *Ghosts* a masterpiece ? Because of what it says about syphilis or because of what it says about Mrs. Alving ? " And then, before he had time to think that one out, I should follow it with a designedly gabbled version of my theatrical creed.

" From Aeschylus to Tennessee Williams the only theatre that has ever mattered is the theatre of character and narrative." If I said that quickly enough it would fox him, I think, because he wouldn't like to be rude to one of those young, vital American dramatists who are so busy infusing new life into our old tired theatre, and it would certainly take him a second or two to think out exactly what ideology Aeschylus propounded—was it " count no man happy until he is dead," or was that just Sophocles ? Anyway, while he is trying to remember I should press on and deliver my final blasphemy : " I don't think that ideas, *per se*, social, political or moral, have a very important place in the theatre. They definitely take third place to character and narrative, anyway. You see, if the ideas are of contemporary significance they tend to divide the audience, and if they are not they tend to confuse it. No, old chap," I would conclude, my voice by this time rising a little nervously, as I watched the flush of anger mounting in my interlocutor's cheeks, " no, old chap. The trouble with the theatre to-day is not that so few writers refuse to look the facts of the present world in the face but that so many refuse to look at anything else."

And then, as I picked myself up from the floor, felt my swelling chin and poured myself a whisky with trembling hands, I would at least feel the warm virtuous glow of the man who at last has said his little say.

TERENCE RATTIGAN

So They Say . . .

"DOES the editor . . . . realise the full implications of his astonishing editorial? Does he realise that he is advocating a form of veiled totalitarianism, that he is aligning his newspaper with the enemies of British democracy, that, if the same argument had prevailed a hundred years ago, there would be . . . . no political freedom at all in Britain?"

Those are not Mr. Bevan's words, nor is the subject of them the *Daily Mail*—but Mr. A. J. Cummings in last Tuesday's *News Chronicle*, fulminating at none other than *The Times*. This subversive organ had, on Monday, made the sinister suggestion that the Liberal Party had performed a "national disservice" by its "irresponsible spattering of the electoral map with hundreds of candidates."

The Times's comment, however, was merely a synthesis of loud post-election expressions, in both Tory and Labour newspapers, of that well-known complaint : "We wuz robbed! "

What Might Have Been

Evening Standard, February 24 :—

In nearly twenty seats the only effect of [the Liberals'] last-minute intervention has been to let the Socialists in.

Sunday Times, February 26 :—

Not all Liberal votes would have gone to the Conservatives . . . . but in 18 constituencies the verdict would have been reversed. . . .

Daily Telegraph, February 25 :—

The Conservatives . . . . estimate that an absolute minimum of 36 additional seats could have been won but for the presence of a Liberal in the field. . . .

Evening Standard, February 25 :—

. . . . Had there been no Liberal candidates, 67 more Tory candidates would have been victorious. . . .

Daily Herald, February 25 :—

Labour leaders believe that in many cases Labour seats were lost to the Tories by the intervention of [Liberal] candidates.

The Official View

News Chronicle, February 27 :—

There is clearly no absolutely exact way of saying what the effect of Liberal intervention was in any particular constituency [but] in twelve cases only it would have turned the scale against Labour. . . .

Manchester Guardian, February 27 :—

Our correspondent shows what, on various reasonable estimates of the way the Liberal vote might have been cast, the result would have been. The effect, surprisingly, is that Labour, not the Conservatives, might have been helped.

Let Us Face the Future

Before, however, the editorial vitriol was dry on the paper, awareness burst upon both sides.

Daily Herald, February 28 :—

CHALLENGE TO LIBERALS—MORRISON : ARE YOU FOR REACTION OR FOR PROGRESS?

Evening Standard, February 28 :—

Mr. Morrison is now going out of his way to attract some of the 2,600,000 votes cast for the Liberals. The Tories must consider carefully what offer they should make to the Liberals. If they merely abuse them, then they may find that Liberal candidates will again emerge in large numbers. . . .

Observer, February 26 :—

The obvious tactic for the Conservatives, as it is for the Labour Party, is to give the impression that they are Liberal in spirit if not in name. . . .

Daily Graphic, February 25 :—

Liberalism will live on—it is a spirit in men's minds. A spirit, incidentally, that is nowhere more strongly in evidence to-day than in the great Conservative and Liberal combination which Mr. Churchill leads. . . .

The Lower Depths

Evening News, February 24 :—

[On] election night . . . . more champagne was drunk in the West End than on any night since the peace celebrations. . . . Left-winger Jack Hylton was at the Empress Club . . . . the champagne on his table suggested that Left-wingers know how to enjoy themselves as well as those of the Right. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

The Better Days

DURING the election campaign, some business took me to the part of London in which I had lived as a boy. It looked much the same. Though the bombs had cleared some landmarks, including the house in which I had grown up, they had spared the big Congregational church at the corner, the public library—but a splinter had chipped off the nose of Carnegie's bust in its niche by the door—and the main row of shops on the hill down which the trams thumped and moaned. Yet the life seemed to have gone out of the place. Was it, perhaps, that I was now outside of it all, as I often find myself in a dream, coming an unrecognised stranger to my own door ? I walked down the hill, looking for a familiar name over a shop, or a remembered face behind a counter, getting a professional smile with a packet of cigarettes and a newspaper, but neither evoking nor feeling a quick catch at the memory. There was nobody to introduce me to my own childhood, and self-consciousness was rapidly turning my nostalgia into a pose.

I was about to catch a tram at the stop outside the church when my eye caught a crude painted sign : J. H. Wilson and Sons were still in business as hairdressers. The shop was rather shabby, with peeling paint and cheap frosted glass in the windows, and was squeezed between a grocer's and a paper shop—whose proprietor, in my youth, had been a cripple who pestered one of my aunts, or so she said. Now Wilson's had been the " respectable " hairdressers, by contrast with the shifty little barber shops on the side streets, the kind with pin-ups on the wall, soiled linen and no cotton wool tucked into your neck. I must have had my first haircut at Wilson's. I certainly went there regularly as a child, until I began to favour another hairdresser close to my school. But Wilson's had been on the Parade, near the large houses, all now converted into flats but even in my boyhood capable of supporting two servants and, in the first years when my parents lived there, a coachman for each carriage house in the mews.

I forget what this little shop had been before ; it may have been the paying office for a Friendly Society. It faced across the street to the Parade, to the gap which had once held Mr. Wilson's saloon, black-painted, the name and the window-frames picked out in gold-leaf. The only decoration on the new establishment, apart from the business sign, was the face of the local Conservative candidate displayed on a poster which almost covered the upper part of the door.

Inside, a single chair stood before a mirror flecked with the brown spots that show where the silver is going. Two rubber tubes led from a gas heater into the old-fashioned marble sink. On top of a paraffin radiator were warming three towels, two khaki army surplus, the third a clean white shaving cloth. Mr. Wilson himself was dusting down the back of a previous customer. The brush was worn, the jacket far from clean, but the gesture caught up with itself a dim memory, a delicate balance in the motion between a courtesy and a service.

I sat in the chair and watched Mr. Wilson hand the customer his change—a shilling from a florin, and no tip. "A haircut and a shave, please, Mr. Wilson," I said as he turned to me. Then, as if my nostalgia were doing him a favour, I added: "It's nearly twenty years since you last cut my hair." Hairdressers are not put out by irrelevances: their day's small talk is built on them. He looked at me cautiously, waiting, until I gave my name and mentioned my family.

"Of course," he said, as if he had been trying to place me ever since I walked through the door, "I knew your sister well. She patronised our ladies' department right to the day before she was married." We were launched into competitive recollection. I explained why I had transferred my custom to the shop near my school and learned, for the first time, "it made no difference, sir, it was all in the same family."

So I threw in the children's chair, which he used to stand on top of a large chest, and the black horsehair coverings on the waiting seat, the hairs that pricked the skin of a boy in short trousers. "I still have that seat," said Mr. Wilson, "it needs new covering. Always mean to get round to it. Can't get jobs like that done properly now. The last time I had it done was by Mr. Johnson, the one that sang tenor in the choir, and that must have been . . . well, I got it back the week that Mr. Phillips the organist gassed himself in the vestry, and that's getting on for twenty years now."

Clearly, Mr. Wilson was more than my match in memory, and he seemed to be enjoying himself. He asked after my family and I gave him potted biographies. He told me about his sons, "all left the profession, but I keep the old name, there's no point in changing it, is there?" This, from the way he said it, was obviously one of his stock gambits. We seemed to have exhausted the limited stock of things we had in common. "Television, now," he was saying, as he moved round to the back of the chair, "I think it's bad for the eyes, from what I hear, though I haven't seen it, mind you." We were slipping into accepted customer-hairdresser patter.

But Mr. Wilson seemed to sense this. He had just finished trimming my hair. "Now you wanted a shave," he said, "don't often do that these days. You can't afford the time, single-handed, can you?" I said it didn't matter, but he merely began to run hot water from the heater. While his hands were busy in the basin, he turned his head and said: "Tell your father I'm seventy-eight and I can still shave clients without cutting them usually, though I don't shave so many now, being on my own, you know."

"Of course," he went on, more casually, as he began to lather my face, "your father will remember the Better Days. Now I had a window then, with three heads, and each of them had a wig I made myself. A window with three wigs," he repeated wistfully, "none of your Health Service then. And the rates were lower too." His indignation brimmed over. But his hand was still steady, even at seventy-eight and with the trams shaking the shop as they began to plunge down the hill. The razor scraped up my neck. He was leaning over me, his breath warm on my ear as he spurted out his protest. I saw that the cuffs of his shirt and his white coat were frayed, and were carefully darned.

There was a pause while he wiped the razor. His mood changed and he became confidential. "The truth is," he said, "that we've had Reversals." I did not know what to say, and gave what I hope was a sympathetic grunt. "Now you wouldn't complain at that if it was your fault, would you?" he went on, "but it's hard to be at it all these years and put your best in the trade and then, at the end, where are you? Standing behind a chair, man and boy, sixty years, and all you see after all that"; he paused, "is this," and he clapped his hand to the wisps of white hair plastered across his crown. "I've seen myself in the mirror, day after day, growing old, seen client's heads in the chair, there, week after week, going bald and grey. And then one day they don't come any more."

He stopped talking, turned away and went over to the paraffin radiator. He stood there for a moment; then came back with the white towel. He wiped my face and, after I had risen, brushed my coat. He still did not speak. I paid him and moved towards the door. I said goodbye and that I had enjoyed seeing him again. I opened the door, went down the step and looked round. He was still standing there, his arms limp by his sides, the coat brush in his right hand. He gave a wan smile, nodded, and put his hand out to close the door. The face of the Conservative candidate swung to, and hid Mr. Wilson.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Arts and Entertainment

A PASTORAL PROKOFIEV

Apart from its intrinsic merits (which seem to me considerable), Prokofiev's Sixth Symphony possesses the melancholy interest of a leading exhibit in the final round of that long-drawn-out contest, the Soviet State *versus* its best composers. This was Prokofiev's last major work before the Central Committee's Decree on Music of February 10th, 1948—that infamous document which condemned, on the charge of "formalist perversions," nearly all the leading Russian composers whose work had been officially and most extravagantly praised during the previous decade, and so left the field conveniently clear for a crowd of nonentities. So far as I can discover, the Symphony has received in Russia only one public performance, on Christmas Day, 1947. Formerly, the Soviet authorities used to forbid music critics to write about a new work until they had heard it four times; but on this occasion Zhdanov, a man without musical training, felt competent to consign to oblivion a forty-minute symphony by one of the most eminent of living composers on the strength of a single hearing. Fortunately, the Western world has been allowed to make up its own mind. The Symphony has had, I gather, quite a success in America, where Prokofiev has always been popular; and on the night of the General Election (an unlucky choice) it received from the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Eduard van Beinum, a performance which neither the unfamiliarity of the music nor the acoustics of the Albert Hall could prevent us from recognising as brilliant. Orchestras always love to play Prokofiev; many composers score well, but few are as incapable as he of a dowdy patch; his pages glitter like fresh paint in the morning sun.

The Sixth Symphony (Opus 111, in E flat minor), though novel in certain respects, is entirely characteristic of its composer. It is above all easy, eupeptic, natural: the music of a composer who has never known what it is to be gravelled for lack of matter. Throughout Prokofiev's career, from the satirical grotesqueries of his youth to the lyrical expansion of his more recent manner, this improvisatory ebullience has been a constant feature of his work. His sentences and paragraphs often contain no profound thought; but they are as shapely and muscular as those of Mr. Bernard Shaw. As in a piece of perfectly made furniture, the drawers slide in and out so effortlessly that we hardly care what they contain. His elegance, high spirits and careless fecundity make of Prokofiev (despite the enormous difference of background) the Rossini of our day; like Rossini, he is by no means incapable of pathos or grandeur, but often tempted by his very facility into commonplace. Nevertheless, after prolonged immersion in the more sluggish, complex and introspective mentality of other composers, we derive from Prokofiev the sudden, delicious shock of a cold shower. We expect his work to wear badly, and are astonished at its durability. I have had that experience myself during the past year with his Fifth Symphony (1944), which has been finely recorded for the gramophone; his best works belong to that category of music which we always encounter with pleasure, although we may have been unaware of any compulsion to seek it out.

The first two movements of the Sixth Symphony make a pastoral impression, something new in the work of a composer whose lively flamboyance suggests an urban mentality. The work begins, oddly, with a gruff, shaggy bark from the brass; but soon we are launched upon a six-eight moderate *allegro* movement, with a gentle, sauntering tune which is first cousin to the "cheerful, out-of-door, ambling theme" of the Gadshill episode in Elgar's *Falstaff*. It may be just this chance affinity which strikes, to English ears, a pastoral note; but the idea, once planted, is fostered by a marked air of serenity and relaxation. This lyrical symphony is a feminine counterpart of the more powerful and massive No. 5. The drawing is very free; people with tight and severe notions about The Symphony were asking whether it could really be called one. That is a point which repetition alone can decide; but I must record my impression that the structure was not at all unplanned or illogical—merely more widely spaced and more loosely knit than is common. Both the first two movements contained moments of glowing beauty, and almost nothing that could be called dull: one always *wanted* to go on listening, for fear of missing some happy new twist in the path. The third and last movement abandoned rustic contemplation for metropolitan brilliance—and seemed to be not one of the best specimens of this recurring type of Prokofiev finale. The long trumpet tune, which formed its second subject, contained a foretaste of vulgarity, which unfortunately came true when, later on, it was worked in counterpoint with the first subject; these contrapuntal climaxes, on which composers naturally pride themselves, always run that risk; even the famous triple combination in the

Meistersinger Prelude only just gets away with it. But I enjoyed the first two movements so much that I look forward to an early opportunity of revising my impression of the finale. Unlike Zhdanov, I cannot feel quite sure that I was right.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Morning Departure," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Three Came Home," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The Red Danube," at the Ritz

It is disappointing to find at the little Ritz cinema—that M.G.M. annexe for the intelligent—a film so trashy and so irresponsible as *The Red Danube*. There has been quite a tide of war films lately, and to trouble that tide comes the backwash of the *next* war. Here is a most dangerous confusion: on one side the piercing and scrupulous recourse to the past in such films as *Twelve O'Clock High;* on the other, the cloying, melodramatic appeal to the future of *The Red Danube*. It will have been noted that from these almost clinical re-creations of the last war the Enemy has grown strangely absent: he is a force that strikes or is struck, no more. The old individual Enemy, in fact, has disappeared so that the new one may take his place. Meet him in *The Red Danube*: the godless, cynical, brutal Russian whose "realism" has the awful ring that once belonged to "strength through joy."

The Red Danube has for its peg the sufferings of exiles in Vienna, two or three years ago, forced to return to Russia. That situation no longer, apparently, exists; but the film's intention is not to give us facts, but to arouse muddled anger. What does it care for these unfortunate people's sufferings? Nothing, to judge from the glycerine in which they are here steeped; but they are useful victims to whom can be added the support of the good-hearted if incompetent English, lovers' partings, snowflakes, pawky nuns, and the Pope himself, to say nothing of democracy and the H-bomb. Oh, how abominable must be the Russians, and look, there's that Colonel smiling as the lorry-loads of bandaged victims drive off under the iron curtain that lifts only for them! From this orgy, it will be remarked, the Americans themselves (who made the film and take the chief parts) keep miraculously out of sight. Only, we gather, if there comes the possibility of war, they will make it certain. I hope there are not many more films like *The Red Danube* on the way. Its idiotic trifling is no guarantee that, if repeated, it won't bring the assumption of war a little nearer.

Three Came Home, a story of women's prison camps under the Japanese, is based on fact, but sentimentalised out of all conviction. Miss Claudette Colbert tries to subdue her speckless charm, but only maintains it with smudges on the cheek. This isn't, however, such a bad film and certainly it is not ill-intentioned. The Japanese in it are treated rather more sympathetically than the Russians of *The Red Danube*.

It is a tribute to the honest quality of *Morning Departure* that, with memories of the "Truculent" still fresh, we can accept and positively welcome its fiction. Nothing, in general, could be less dramatic than peace-time activities in the Services, and summer weather and an unruffled routine introduce to us the officers and crew of the submarine "Trojan." They are off early—a faint flicker of interest—on an exercise, but the same afternoon will see them back with their wives, on the cricket-field or propping a favourite bar. The little jaunt even makes a form-filling colleague envious.

Half an hour later the submarine has met a stray electrical mine, and with her bows blown off and her stern flooded she rests on the sea bed. Of the twelve men alive in her, there is apparatus for eight to escape; the remaining four sit it out. Days pass as the rescue operations go on. Foot by foot the wreck is being dragged to surface, until gales make any further rescue impossible, the cables have to be cut, and the submarine with its four men tumbles to destruction.

It is a dramatic story, made more so by the undramatic behaviour of the men who play cards, mark off days on the calendar, talk of celebrations they'll have ashore, and stare at one another in the silence. It is their particular risk, for which they have been chosen. "So this," comes the joke, "is why we're paid half-a-crown a day more." One takes ill and dies from a whiff of chlorine; another, after panicking, resigns himself irreproachably. There are gusts of hopelessness or irritation. That is the extent of individual drama. They are friendly—captain, first lieutenant, stoker, and cook—but not *too* friendly, even in this extremity. Ought, not they, but we, to be encouraged to feel their predicament a shade more forcibly? The idea of tragedy spreads instead over the whole episode, so that its worst moment of anguish is when the cables have to be burnt away and an Admiralty officer stares into the darkness thinking of those below. The routine of rescue and the trapped men's calm have been worked into a single pattern, and this the director, Roy Baker, has executed with unpretentious skill. All his actors, and especially John Mills as the captain, James Hayter, Nigel Patrick and Richard Attenborough, work beautifully for him. At the beginning, with the wives on shore, one fears that the example of *In Which We Serve* is going to cripple his attempt, but thereafter the excesses of that piece are studiously avoided, though their influence can be felt. This imposes yet another restraint on a film restrained enough, one may feel, already. But within its limits *Morning Departure* achieves a modest triumph.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Man of the World," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

This play draws the portrait of an "international financier." We are shown him first in prison where he is held on a charge of treason; and then a series of expressionist flashbacks are meant to build up the picture. A new author, Mr. C. E. Webber, shows, in the patronising phrase, some promise. At least there is all the evening hovering over the theatre the feeling that the whole may at any moment come alive: though it never quite does. The failure is double, both of texture and of form. As to texture: "international financier" is a mere newspaper cliché. If the portrait were to live the author would have had to plough through the clay of *idées reçues* to turn over something individual below it. Instead he piles the expected on the accepted and we end where we began in the margins of popular journalism. International financiers may have as thoroughly commonplace minds as the hero of this play; but if they have, they should not be allowed to talk so much. As for the form, there is everything to be said for the expressionist in itself, but we cannot dispense with preparation and development just because we are moving backwards instead of forwards. On the contrary they are the more needed. The climax that we work back to here is a moment in World War I when the financier's house was burnt down, his children ill and his wife crippled. This, coming on us quite unprepared, we are asked to accept as the explanation of his brand of internationalism. It won't do. Mr. Roger Livesey is always a pleasure to watch and it is not his fault that the play never catches. Miss Wynne Clark is as convincing as can possibly be in the part of that middle-aged secretary vainly in love with her employer. Miss Diana Dors is a most callipygous concubine. It is easy to see why a producer (Mr. Ken Tynan) jumps at the chance of producing an expressionist play. But there is not as much to be got out of this as may have appeared in the text; there are clichés in this mode as in any other, and they are not all resisted. The best directed scenes are three quite straight ones.

T.C.W.

Raden Mas Utomo and his Indonesian Dancers, at Wyndham's Theatre

To the inexpert Western eyes Indonesian dancing has more breadth and diversity, seems less narrowly prescribed than Indian; foreign influences and invasions are said to be the cause. These Javanese, Balinese and Sumatran ballets may lack the purity and sophistication of such Indian dance forms as Bharata Natyam, but many of us will find them more entertaining. Take the most successful, Utomo's adaptation of a traditional dance: four female attendants kneel on the floor in a semi-circle, drawing arabesque patterns in the darkness with the candles they hold in either hand. Among them young Harto, Utomo's chief pupil, a beautiful and practised performer, makes similar decorative movements, only on a more elaborate scale, twisting head-over-heels, while the lights held in his double-jointed fingers constantly revolve around him like fireflies. A mournful sort of hill-billy tango—surely influenced by Portuguese music—accompanies this beautiful dance, the legacy of an Arab occupation. Except for this one piece, the music, mostly on xylophones and drums, is more incomprehensible than most Oriental music. One cannot catch the subtleties and modulations of its infinitely monotonous percussion, while the sudden bangs on a gong break in like unexpected full-stops. Utomo, a member of the Sultan of Jogjakarta's family, who learnt his art as part of his education at court, is as excellent dancer as he is choreographer and *maitre de ballet*. Very varied and always eloquent in his movements, he will express an incomparable lyricism one moment and a swift fluttering passion the next. He is also an excellent mime and comic like most Javanese dancers, who develop an extraordinary range of expression. Capering like monkeys, strutting like dowagers, trotting like horses, roaring and kicking like all-in wrestlers—one requires no specialised knowledge or application to appreciate either the vividness and excitement of their pantomime or the static charms of their temple dances.

J. R.

"Primrose and the Peanuts," at the Bedford

Comedy is surely a misnomer for this hilarious and agreeable frolic. Mr. Peter Wildeblood and his collaborator, Miss Oriel Ross, invite us to assume that proximity to the Equator accounts sufficiently for behaviour that lapses unashamedly into the larger lunacy. How otherwise explain the District Officer's conclusion that National Insurance regulations impelled him to divorce, and live in sin with, his wife in order to save enough money to educate their child? How, for that matter, explain the metamorphosis of Primrose Mallet, Colonial Office inspector, who wears her Roedean rue with an L.S.E. difference, yet falls meltingly for the most charmingly incompetent ground-nut manager in Northern Rhodesia? Never mind. Excellent direction by Gordon Crier and spirited acting by the Bedford's steadily improving company make the assumptions sufficiently plausible for unforced laughter. *Primrose and the Peanuts* is genuinely funny—from the Ministerial decision to replace ground-nuts by bamboos with which fishing-rods can be made for exchange against Ukrainian sunflower seeds most suitable for margarine, to the discovery that the local witch-doctor got his M.B. at—where else?—Balliol. Mr. Wildeblood's tricks—the prospective co-respondent who has to be passed off as husband, the comic medical missionary (played with rich gusto by Pat Nye), and the purely decorative emigrée (neat vignette by Joan Lang)—are well-tried; but he has had the wit to see that good jokes do not grow stale. There are some very good jokes in this pleasant fooling; and Annabel Maule (Primrose), Bill Shine (ground-nuts executive), John Penrose and Ambrosine Phillpotts (the D.O. and his wife) make the most of them. As the witch-doctor, Orlando Martins, a Negro actor, suggested convincingly that payment, in goats and bananas, for magic might be more attractive to a Balliol man than Mr. Bevan's capitation fees, though one doubted whether God would be with him, as Mr. Belloc prayed, in his final translation to Clacton-on-Sea.

A. V.

"Flowers for the Living," at the Duchess

Miss Toni Block's play, *Flowers for the Living*, revived in the Duchess Theatre after a languishment of two years, has had a friendly if slightly ambiguous reception. There is perhaps one quite simple point about it. It has a good deal of charm, sincerity, and humour. It exploits the natural humours of the Cockney world and exploits them well. Balls are returned fast and low, rallies are long and good. The majority

of the characters are sharply and faithfully observed; the scrounging street-gossip, the noisy little boy, the two sisters, one dance-mad, the other prematurely married, the spiv—all these give a live, enjoyable portrait of the world of "gurls and felkers." Only two characters fail, but they're the two most important: the drunk bullying good-for-nothing father and his "superior" daughter, who finds her home squalid after having been an A.T.S. sergeant. It's not to be doubted that an equal sincerity of intention has been brought to these two, nor that the models do in fact exist. The point is, they haven't been observed with equal detachment; the charge of feeling behind them is not under control; this fuzzes the clarity of the play, and lets in sentimentality and melodrama. "It's not fair to let someone have that for a little while and then never again!" says Lily Holmes (Nova Pilbeam), remembering the classical concerts she enjoyed as an AT; that remark typifies the strain and weakness introduced here. It's this trouble which upsets Miss Block's play, not the dating of her subject; dating is only of detail, e.g., emphasis on tomato-queues. Kathleen Harrison's mother stands out among uniformly good performances. Incapable of a false note, she's funny or moving at will, and her mastery is absolute; through two long speeches she held the theatre in a sort of gasping hush. G. R.

"The Purple Fig Tree," at the Piccadilly

"A melodrama," this play, set in Greece, is subtitled. Now, the very essence of melodrama is speed, and the films have enormously multiplied the pace at which we can now take in events; while, for the types who carry the action, we need only a few quick credible glimpses to accept the little of them that such drama needs. The author of this melodrama has stumbled here. He dawdles through the introductions and allows his people far too much license to indulge their taste for small talk without giving it enough body to make it worth lingering over. He might, for the pace at which he takes it, be setting the stage for a play of character instead of a romantic affray in which a French gun-runner meets a dark lady with a past and, after a number of adventures in a country inn, carries her off to start life again. Mr. Jack Hawkins gives as much panache to the part as it allows (not nearly enough). Miss Rawlings looks sufficiently (but rather unexplainedly) mysterious. Miss Valerie White skilfully times the wisecracks of a particularly vulgarly conceived American type, and Mr. Hill, the clever comedian we last saw in the Thurber play, is utterly wasted. T. C. W.

"Oedipus at Colonus," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

Though lacking the suspense and the inevitability that make the *Oedipus Rex* the most exciting and cunningly contrived of dramas, the *Oedipus Coloneus* proved far more effective at Cambridge than one would have thought possible in the conditions imposed by a modern theatre. The Provost of King's added yet another laurel-wreath to his already splendid career as a producer of plays in Greek. The Oedipus sustained his long role with nobility and passion; of the rest, the Polynices and the Antigone gave specially telling and thoughtful performances, though the latter was handicapped by the appearance of having come, as fresh as a jonquil, from her hairdresser and milliner. The set was pleasing; the music, by Mr. Robin Orr, well sung and extremely well made, if a shade over-elaborate, perhaps, particularly in the scoring. Severely beautiful, deliberately unsensational, the tragedy gripped the audience from its pathetic opening to its magnificent and mysterious climax, thanks to the clear, intelligent speaking of the verse and the restraint governing every detail of the production. D. S-T.

"Casuals"

These are the days when bookstalls and newsagents quickly sell out their supplies of this journal. Because "casual" sales shoot up it is more than ever necessary for regular readers to place a definite order with their newsagent, or to become direct postal subscribers. Particulars on page 256.

Correspondence

THE ELECTION

SIR,—As the election is over now and as there seems likely to be another soon, it seems a good moment to examine the position of the Radical voter.

Many Radicals (myself included) in the recent campaign supported the Liberal Party and voted for its candidates. We believed that its claim was justifiable when it said that in the last two elections people had not voted Liberal because there had not been enough candidates anyway for it to win power. The Liberal Party made a magnificent and praiseworthy effort this time but its popular vote increased but little from the figure of the 1945 election. In the new House there will be 8 Liberal M.P.s; but 5 were elected in Wales, where the legend of Lloyd George dies very hard, and one was elected as the result of an ill-advised "pact" with the Tories.

The question now is, what are Radical voters to do at this next election which seems likely soon? Are we to vote Tory or are we to vote for the Labour Party which is still to a considerable extent the heir to the great Radical tradition?

I do not have to look to the past for my reasons for not voting Tory. I read the more uninhibited Tory weeklies (you *must* know which I mean) and I listen to the leader of the Tory Party describing as "odious" the idea that the community as a whole is responsible for its weaker brethren and for assuring them a share of the necessities in times of shortage. I listen to a well-known radio figure speaking for the Tories and exalting selfishness and materialism into a creed. I listen to Tory supporters and candidates openly preaching the virtues of unemployment (let them deny it if they can). These are what I heed rather than the honeyed words of Mr. Butler or of the various Charters.

There are many criticisms to be made of the Labour Government, mainly of its complete lack of adventure. I have been bitterly disappointed at its failure to slash bureaucracy and office tyranny which the Party in opposition condemned so roundly. But I look at some of the Labour leaders—take Aneurin Bevan and Jennie Lee as two examples picked at random—and I remember the circumstances in which they grew up. And I honour them for the fact that although they have fought their way to the top they are still fighting for those who now grow up as they once did. Although few of these men and women are practising Christians they set an example which should shame many of us who are.

Politics is the art of the possible. It is now clear that at the next election we can have a Tory government or a Labour government—there will be no other *practical* choice. I believe it is the duty of every Radical voter to rally to the Labour Party and to support it with his vote. Criticism there must be, but such criticism can never justify a conscientious Radical voting Tory.

60 Galpins Road, JOHN W. MAY
Thornton Heath, Surrey.

SIR,—A new General Election is likely to be upon us in a matter of months. On present form and with Liberal intervention much reduced, the Tories will stand a better than evens chance of being returned to power with a working majority. In the event of that calamity many of the advances made by the last Labour Government would be swept away and millions of people would be plunged into unemployment, poverty and despair.

I believe that the first duty of the Labour Party now is to protect the people from a Tory administration and that we must subordinate all our aims and ideals to the winning of the next Election. Before thinking of further advances we must make secure those we have already achieved.

We can win the Election by gathering together all the anti-Tory votes, including the millions who supported the Liberals. To do that we must recast our policy to exclude such controversial measures as further nationalisation which are likely to drive the non-Socialist "progressives" into the arms of the Conservatives.

Let us go to the country and say openly, honestly and sincerely: "We believe a Labour Government is necessary for the welfare of the country.

"For this reason we are prepared to slow down our advance to Socialism. We are not surrendering our principles and when the time is ripe we shall come to you again with further radical measures. In the meantime we shall defend those advances which you already enjoy."

Such a policy, I believe, would attract all people of good will and would put into power a Labour Government, albeit confined to moderate methods of advancement.

The choice, Sir, is between a slow advance and a full-scale retreat in the face of a Tory win. The fate of the common people is in our hands. Let us not be too proud and stubborn to do our duty.

4 Taviton Street, G. A. WESTELL
Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—One fact clearly emerges from the election results: that the British people, *if faced with a choice between the two main parties*, are almost equally divided in their loyalties. Much has been made of the Liberal "intervention"; but a simple analysis (based on the results as given in Saturday's Press—314 Labour and 289 Conservative seats) will show that there are some 71 Labour and 90 Conservative seats where the Liberal vote can be said to have had any influence. In these the successful candidate's majority was less than the Liberal votes cast. Whilst it is possible that some 39 of these Labour seats would go over to the Tories if the Liberals stood down, there are also some 36 Conservative seats which might well go over to Labour under the same circumstances. In addition, there are some 30 Labour and 21 Conservative "marginal" seats won by a narrow majority in a straight fight, or where the majority might have been narrow but for the Liberal vote.

In other words, unless some disaster hits either of the two large parties, we can expect a similar result from any general election in the near future, *whether or not the Liberals intervene*. That is, if we persist in our present electoral system, whose one redeeming feature—that it provides a strong government—has now been nullified. The only solution to the deadlock is, in my view, the adoption

Further Education

Edited by Hunter Diack

Local Reports

Since pre-war days part-time day students in technical colleges in one Local Authority area have increased from 469 to 7,796. How are the authorities dealing with the problems which arise from such increases? FURTHER EDUCATION sets out to answer this question in a series of detailed surveys of specific areas. The first two appear in the March issue, just published.
These detailed reports give a more accurate picture of the present situation than any general survey could possibly do. They have a two-fold value—as a clearing-house of ideas and as social documents not elsewhere available. We strongly believe that every educational administrator, education committee member and student of education will find that these articles are both stimulating and useful.

Design

The work of the Design Departments in Art Schools and Colleges is of vital importance to our whole economy. In this issue Mr. Kenneth Holmes writes the introductory article to a series on Design. Mr. Holmes is the Principal of the Leicester College of Art, and a member of the Bray Committee and of the National Advisory Committee on Art Education.

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of the "single transferable vote" system, hitherto used in the election of the University members and in many private organisations. Let me hasten to add that this has nothing to do with "proportional representation," which conjures up visions of party lists, splinter parties, and permanent coalition government. The "S.T.V." system would not affect the individual representation of each constituency, nor would it enable minority parties to gain seats in the House until they had won over a substantial number of the electorate.

The system, as you, Sir, will be aware, enables the voter in an election contested by three or more parties to list the candidates in his order of preference. Votes cast for the candidate who comes bottom of the poll at the first count are re-allotted according to the second choice expressed, and so on until only two candidates are left. Adoption of this system would have two important results. First, in those constituencies where the Liberals are in a real, as opposed to a voting, minority, it would ensure that the candidate returned really represented a majority of the voters; and secondly, by encouraging those Liberals who at present vote Tory "to keep the Socialists out" (and perhaps vice versa) to express their true convictions in the knowledge that their vote would not be wasted, it might well result in a large turnover of Tory seats to the Liberals, who could then provide the balance of power between the larger parties, without which neither can rule.

Let me add that I am not a Liberal, nor even a Liberal "fellow-traveller"; I am fully confident in Labour's ability ultimately to recover from this temporary set-back. But the interests of stable government should, I feel, prevail over purely party considerations.

The Hague. D. F. BYRNES

SIR,—Is there not a tendency, at present, to place too high a share of the responsibility for the indecisive result upon the "countryside?" It is true that in many country divisions there was a heavy increase in the Tory poll, but in a considerable number of constituencies which have a high proportion of agricultural voters, Labour has done better than ever.

A close analysis of the results shows emphatically that the decisive factor was the swing in South-Eastern England, where farming interests are outweighed by the "dormitory" vote. London and the ten South-Eastern counties return no less than 178 members (183 in 1945) and 112 of these were won by Conservatives and their supporters against only 70 in 1945. Labour's total fell by 17 in London county (mainly owing to the reduction in the number of seats) and 28 in the remainder of this area.

Another considerable turnover was in Lancashire and Cheshire, where, with three less seats available and one result still to come, Conservatives hold 10 more and Labour 14 less. In Yorkshire and the four Northern counties, out of 91 seats Labour still hold 65, a loss of only seven. In the Midlands, the loss was only five, but owing to the increased representation of the area Conservatives hold 10 more. In the Eastern counties (including Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire) Labour lost six seats out of their former 17. Their small representation in the south-west was reduced by four, but gains from Liberals and Independents gave the Tories an increase of eight. In Wales, Labour holds two more seats than in 1945 and the variation in Scotland is negligible.

It is the return of the London suburbs to their traditional Toryism which is the main cause of the present situation. C. G. SPINK

Hereford.

SIR,—The election results show that the psychological pressure exerted against Labour in the countryside, where leaders of public opinion are all Tories, has not been overcome as we had hoped. The difference between town and country in this, as in other respects, can be appreciated only by those with a foot in both camps. The middle-class Labour supporter has become respectable in the town, but in the village he remains an egregious bird. Reports of the squire's death have been exaggerated, and in any case the second line of Tory defence stands firm. Labour candidates can best tackle it by discussing its existence more freely in village meetings and electoral addresses, for its strength lies in its partial concealment. S. W. GREEN

Cambridge.

CATHOLICS AND THEIR SCHOOLS

SIR,—The moderate tone of your article on Catholics and their Schools is commendable, but it must be pointed out that the 1944 Act was not implemented with "*universal* benediction." To prove this I would like to quote from a statement issued by the Catholic Hierarchy on January 5, 1944. "While we welcome the general provisions of the Bill . . . we wish to make it clear that we have never accepted, do not accept, and never shall accept the Bill as it now stands." This is hardly a benediction. The statement goes on to speak of the "intolerable injustice of the proposed financial condition . . . ." This before costs had gone up with such cruel rapidity.

It is noticeable that your article makes no mention of the justice or injustice of the Catholic claims but deals only with their practicability. You rightly point out that many organised bodies such as the T.U.C. are implacably opposed to the Catholic claims. But I cannot see the force in your argument that in any case the State could not possibly find the £120 million necessary to give effect to those claims. The State is already bound to find half this sum under the terms of the 1944 Act. If the Catholics cannot find the other half, then the State will have to when it takes over their schools. In other words, the State is going to have to find this £120 million whether it likes it or not.

Of course, it can be argued that the State will save money by schemes of rationalisation, mutualisation and what not. But at the end of it all the State would still be faced with a very large sum over and above the £60 million already budgeted for under the Act. Say £50 million. This is a big saving. But why not let the Catholics keep their schools on condition that they make up the difference of £10 million or whatever it is? In this way justice would be done without any extra cost to the Exchequer.

9 Cliveden Place, S.W.1. RICHARD KEPPEL

LA PRENSA

SIR,—The closure of the great Argentine newspaper *La Prensa* has aroused in the British Press nothing better than a five-line obituary in *The Times*. Is there no loyalty amongst the Press of the world that it should let the strangulation of a paper which has enjoyed as great a reputation in the Spanish-speaking world as *The Times* in the English-speaking world, pass without a murmur.

The Argentine Government has carried out some very necessary and desirable reforms. Their dealings with this country have, on the whole, been fair. Yet, after seven years, they have restored none of the liberties rescinded during their preliminary years of government.

After seven years, firmly in power, Peron has imposed even greater restrictions on personal freedom. Liberties, not privileges, are abused, the embers of a dangerous nationalism fanned into fire.

La Prensa's honesty and integrity have never been in question. It has stood out as a searchlight amongst the petty and inevitable squabbles of government.

The world cannot afford to disregard that which is going on in Argentina. ARGENTINE

GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—I have no doubt that Basil Davidson will deal effectively with Kenneth Lindsay's strictures and much more calmly than I could. For I am a Greek and my blood quickly reaches boiling point when I read such a complacent passage in Mr. Lindsay's letters as, "I freely admit that there are black spots and inefficient administrators." I cannot repress my loathing of this sort of test-tube evaluation of the Greek Tragedy. What does Mr. Lindsay know of the horror of insidious threats by police and Government officials, secret arrests by the security police in the dead of night, torture on Makronessos and the spread of terror among the people? He saw only their instinctive kindness towards strangers. Of what use is a "new vitality in literature and the arts" when the physical vitality of so many wrongly imprisoned citizens is lowered to the point of starvation? When Mr. Lindsay blandly reflects that "Greek ways are not our ways" is he thinking of his friends in authority, towards whom Mr. Belcher displays less tolerance in his poignant indictment of the Greek Government? E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

15 New Street, E.C.2.

MIRACLE AT BATLHAROS

SIR,—Your correspondent's article of December 17 last is still fresh in my mind and in the minds of many of my friends who read it. We found it so moving that we all decided we would like to do something practical to help Sister Cordon in her heroic work.

The Players' Theatre (Villiers Street, London, W.C.2.) has now generously given us the free use of the Theatre for a Variety Concert on Sunday, April 16, and so far the following artists have kindly consented to appear:—

Edric Connor	Bernard Miles
Don Gemell	Annette Mills
Vida Hope	Margherita Melata
Lisa Lee	Leonard Sachs

Eleanor Summerfield

We intend thus to raise funds for medical supplies and hope that this concert will serve as both a focus and a starting point for others who were similarly moved by the article. Details can be obtained from the Players' Theatre and the undersigned.

5 Bywater Street, LISA LEE

S.W.3.

TOM HOOD

SIR,—I am writing the life of Tom Hood (1799-1845), and should like to hear of any letters, in public or private hands, to or from him or his wife, including those used by his son and daughter for their 'Memorials.' I am especially anxious to trace correspondence with the Reynolds family, Charles Dilke, Dr. and Mrs. Elliot and John Wright, and with any publisher or editor for whom he wrote.

Any letters lent me I will promptly copy and return.

50 Middleway, N.W.11. J. M. COHEN

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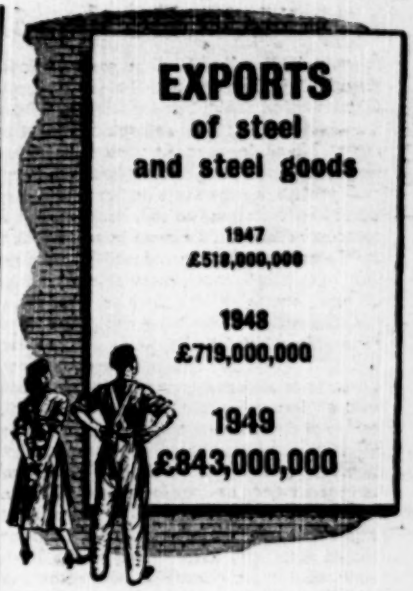

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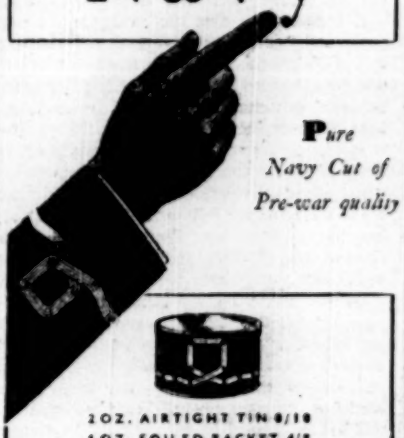

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Books in General

ABOUT childhood each of us must speak for himself. It is the jungle period of life, the tropic of the physical world, burning with the heat of the blood by day, black and spirit-haunted by night. No adult—it might seem to us—when we recollect the pace, the alarums, the happy and yet aching timelessness, the so-sudden transitions from good to evil, could survive in that fever climate if he could be taken back to it. So vivid are the impressions of those years, that burn a hole through the thickest blanket of time, we forget the decisive features.

Childhood is a low-lying country, a forest swamp in which all the plants are over-rich and tall; where the feckless tribes, consumed by the fever of growing, carry their conspicuous evil of incompleteness to be cured in the course of forgetfulness and nature. Justice and injustice come down without warning from higher regions. Magic and ritual invoke one and allay the other; an immense power, the great resource, lies in secrecy. It is impossible to explain why an old lady standing at a window, should seem grey and vulpine, with a jaw of teeth that seem capable of sliding through the glass to bite the arm; or why the loafing man, mad, muttering and stinking, who hangs about outside a school, can be sure of finding children who will fight to take his hand and be led off to the common or the building lot. The creature less disturbing to them than a foot of shadow at the bend of a path. The whole raging question of tallness, too, the implacable differences of age, and the emotional aspects of obstacles of weight, height and strength, drop out of the mind. Dogs in a road were notable as omens, drunkenness was wonderful, a silent man a terror, a bee on a fence greater and hairier than either. There were flowers, one recalls, of incredible violence. One passed down streets that, like a jungle wall, seemed to have lapsed into the lethargy of a secretiveness which had a million eyes.

The jungle is odoriferous. The rank smells and the peculiar ones are excluded, by adult taste, from the catalogue. Children love beautiful things, but they love the ugly as well; and they love even more the dramatic. We know each other, like dogs, by our smells. I could name now the smell of dozens of boys who were at school with me, boys who smelled of stale bread, Vaseline, petrol, damp, paraffin, coal and medicines, to speak of the mentionable odours. We had a vivid life of the imagination but our senses, with a leap of alacrity, took us to an instant apprehension of the real. We could smell a house, or the very ambition of a family in its sons. We sat shrewdly and deliciously ruminating in the sourness and heat of our kennels. There was a tall boy called Arnold, I think, who wore goggling steel glasses and was always turning his head on a weak neck to smile at us as we chased past and ignored him. An ineffable neutral he had, I suspect, no smell at all. He was, with lame precocity, out of our world, adult before his time.

I noted these things down to prepare myself for reading some variations on the theme of childhood which Mr. G. F. Green has put together in a volume of stories called *First View*.* The names of James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Graham Greene, Denton Welch and others, indicate that the stories in themselves are excellent. Richer material for Mr. Green's purpose probably lies outside the short story and there are stories by Elizabeth Bowen and Frank O'Connor that might have been added to his choice. It is his point (and a very good one) that the period between the wars, gave us a number of writers who had a remarkable power of imbuing prose with poetry, and that they found in childhood poetry at its source. Mr. G. F. Green follows Cocteau:

> The child shares with the genius the peculiarity of making the most unexpected and most rapid connections between them. This results in a shock, a spark, a flash of light which cannot happen when the mechanism of the mind jogs on with prudence.

And Mr. Green underlines the argument:

> It is the eye of a child that informs the artist and it is his first view of the world which gives the work of art its newness, its power to compel us into a unique, original and personal plane. If the artist forgets or smothers with self-interests the child within him he loses his gift and relapses into the prudent and repetitive adult. When the writer uses the child himself for his theme, we may expect the result to show his greatest powers.

I have quoted this because it expresses a prevalent view which seems to need examination. With the exception of the short stories of A. L. Barker (of which *The Iconoclasts* is printed in this volume) obviously all the other writers I have mentioned, fail to confirm the expectation in Mr. Green's last sentence. The powers of Joyce, Lawrence, Graham Greene and E. M. Forster, have been greater in their treatment of the adult subject; and of Cocteau's definition of genius with its stress on the word "unexpected" we can only say that it has let in a vast amount of what is simply premature and bizarre. Mr. Green is safer when he sees in the child's view the dazzling interest of the fresh image in that exaltation of image the writing of the last thirty years has been pre-eminent.

It remains true that the deference we now pay to childhood in life—so that there is almost a cult of childhood—the obeisances we make to the childish in art, contain a startling difference between ourselves and earlier generations. Like Marxism, like psycho-analysis, the recourse to childhood is an attempt, characteristic of our time, to reject the huge classical experience which inhibition has collected, and to build again out of the primitive and the dramatic. To build, but also to break up. For how different, in the annals of childhood, are the mannikin of the 18th century and the dying angel of the 19th, from the random poet, tribesman and little gangster of to-day. In him we now rediscover the pattern—a word that recurs in the work of psychologists and anthropologists—to which our natures are cut. It is our wish to see ourselves growing out of him; we trust he will not be formed by ourselves. In a sharp aside on our literature and speaking of the stories of Denton Welch, the American critic Edmund Wilson, expressed an astonishment that so many English writers had turned to childhood for material as if in childhood we were finding a slit trench from which to observe a hostile public world. Or as if to defend ourselves against its horror by pretending to think of it in terms of the nursery. If self-defence is our object childishness is far from being a weak policy, as George Orwell's *Animal Farm* showed us. In his reliance on intuition, in his addiction to ritual, in his directness of primitive response, in his ability—for he has learned no more and has no civilisation—to look upon things separately and without relating them (except arbitrarily by magic or the imagination), the child refreshes a jaded culture, and flatters a broken one. He speaks directly to contemporary anarchy. Mr. Graham Greene's little boy in *The Basement Room* or the child in Miss A. L. Barker's *Iconoclasts*, are natives, the submerged race; and to the contemporary conscience, the native and primitive are always right. They provoke our guilt. In all the stories in this book only Mr. Greene's seems to relate the two races and to move towards their unknowable meeting line of sea and sky, where the child and the adult mingle, taking their toll of one another. The injured child reflects, in *The Basement Room*:

> That was what happened when you loved: you got involved; and Philip extricated himself from life, from love, from Baines with a merciless egotism.

And there is "a prolonged retreat from life, from care, from human relationship." He would betray Baines because Baines asked his help in affairs beyond his comprehension. The betrayal, though it was not his fault and although Baines understood him, would be the legacy the child would carry guiltily through his grown-up life. We pay in manhood for what the child forgets.

If the study of childhood has enlarged our knowledge of the self, it has tended also to isolate the child for the purpose of exploring his original sensibility. It becomes a convention that the child is free and is a solitary exile from his race. The most convincing writers about childhood are not those who have seized upon the apparent freedom of the child's imagination, but who have recalled that his waywardness indicates inner compulsions, and the systematic observance of private magic. Saki's heartless story, in this book, of the boy who is delighted when his ferret kills his oppressive guardian, is a brilliant example of the reversal of the stories of unnatural goodness. One suspects that Saki was brought up on Sunday reading and spent his writing life avenging it: the bad boy is as unconvincing as the good one. Compare this story, ferocious and macabre as it is, with Walter de la Mare's *Perfect Craftsman*. Here the boy, coming downstairs at night to steal food, finds the evil butler has been murdered by his unhappy mistress. The boy is not shocked by the crime, but by the maudlin inefficiency of the murderess; he shows her how to fake a suicide and helps her hang the body over the kitchen table. As a final touch

* *First View*. Stories of Children. Selected with a foreword by G.F. Green. *Faber*. 10s. 6d.

he puts the indispensable chair on the table, which an amateur would have forgotten. So far he is at home; the child's power of detachment, his lack of power to relate the event to anything, is his strength. But the woman goes and leaves him alone in the house and then the tribal terror rises. Emperor Jones reverts to the jungle and fear, the basis of his tribal life, comes screaming to the top.

Another age, less concerned with the lonely sensibility of the individual, would not have turned away from the busy gregariousness of children and their struggles in the hierarchies in which they live. In this volume, only Dylan Thomas and Mr. G. F. Green himself add this frame to their picture, which at once matures in its colouring. It seems to be the aim of our society to isolate the gifted and, in so far as the literature of childhood can be called middle class, it exclusively presents the child as sensibility and victim. My own impression is the opposite one; that in childhood, in those huge classes of sixty children, in the street life, park life, back door life, one was "in touch" in a way that soon stopped as one grew up conditioned to the tense, nervous, specialised life of the last thirty years.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEAR SLIVEN

The whole range rises like a monument
Out of the Tundja valley. The cool air strokes my cheek
Stirred by the breeze's hand
Like lightly perfumed water.
A trace of distant nimbus hangs on that eastern peak.

It is so high here that the sultry weather
Becomes as rare and delicate as Spring.
And the plum-trees tremble
In a mirror's clearness
Where the shining stream echoes the evening.

I imagine this valley, with its rose-fields,
In a pure calm always: in December's snow
A quiet snow glade
In the windy mountain's arms.
But I have not been here in winter, and I do not know.

ROBERT CONQUEST

STONES

What can be said about stones?
Of all non-Berkeleyan objects, they
Are the most intractable, stiff
With their "Leave-me-alones,"
Their "Go away,"
Their indifference to "If."

But woo them a little, as flowers,
Or one of the opposite sex:
Not impatiently, merely for hours
But stand there for days, weeks,
Stark with attention, the bones of your necks,
Limbs, spines, changed by degrees
Of approaching likeness, to these
Inanimate masses, until
With body and mind so still,
You join their cold company, grow
Ancient and hard, shrink
To something that does not think,
And all you were proud to know
Drops back to the unknown,
Primaeval stone.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE PURITAN CLASS-WAR

The Good Old Cause By CHRISTOPHER HILL and EDMUND DELL. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 15s.

The study of the English Revolution has progressed, in the last twenty years, far beyond the boundaries set and apparently fixed for it by the great Victorian scholars. We can no longer see it as a purely constitutional or a mainly religious struggle; we see it clearly—perhaps, by reaction against former interpretations, too clearly—as a social struggle. Unfortunately the progress of knowledge, or at least of interpretation, has not been accompanied by an equal advance in lucid presentation. For a hundred learned articles there is not a single satisfactory book. The only serious attempt, Margaret James' *Social Policy During the Puritan Revolution*, is frankly unreadable. Now two other Marxists have at least partially filled the gap. They have not attempted a narrative history (perhaps wisely, in view of the style of their introduction); but they have supplied a collection of documents and excerpts illustrating not the constitutional struggle—that can be traced elsewhere—but the social patterns, the "class war," of which, in orthodox terminology, "the constitutional and ideological conflicts are reflexions." For, as a contemporary remarked, "every county had the civil war, more or less, within itself."

It is a scholarly collection. The material has been widely sought and carefully selected. To those familiar only with the older interpretations it will be a revelation. It shows clearly that, whatever later historians may have forgotten, contemporaries fully recognised the social nature of their convulsions. The interests of aristocrats and courtiers, of gentry and tenants, of merchants and craftsmen are clearly illustrated; the significance of wardships, tithes, the State church and the City of London, is aptly if briefly illuminated; and of course, since it is a Marxist book, there is more than enough about the Levellers and Diggers. As a scholarly collection of documents, within its self-determined limits, its merits are great, its faults few. One of these is that it does not keep within those limits. Its title declares its range as 1640-1660; in fact we push through 217 pages before reaching 1640, and (apart from a few tail-pieces) the contents peter out, with the Levellers, about 1654. Further, many of the extracts are trivial or irrelevant, making it rather an anthology than a systematic work. There is little purpose in including an alleged speech of the Queen which "is not to be accepted literally but is evidence of what contemporaries expected her to say," or a piece of propaganda as being not true but "evidence of what was expected to be believed." Periods of ideological struggle are heroic ages of human mendacity, and some people are expected to believe anything. And the opinion of Sir Thomas More on government in general may be evidence about Sir Thomas More, or about government in general, but is hardly of direct relevance to a struggle fought over a century after his death.

A more serious limitation is the direct result of the editors' prejudices. Marxism has been a great stimulus to historical study, but by now it has long succumbed to intellectual sclerosis. The editors, naturally, are unaware of the impression they create, laboriously selecting and annotating and excluding on an obsolete doctrinaire basis. Can anyone really now maintain that social classes move in politics as solid, cohesive, continuous blocs? The editors quote Marx as an authority on 16th-century England, waste a great deal of time showing that rich were rich and poor poor, declare a certain passage from Sir Thomas Smith, stating that the lower orders had no part in government, "fundamental to an understanding of this volume," and insist that the Clubmen, a few peasants in the South West who were bored with the war, were "more important" than the politicians who controlled it. The old Marxist formula equating protestantism with capitalism is accepted as a truism, and the principle of selection is adjusted to prove the quite untenable thesis that the Protectorate was a "bourgeois" institution. A study of the Cromwellian franchise certainly does not support the statement that it was designed to bring it into line with property distribution; and if the editors must quote the statement of a French ambassador to prove that the English merchants exercised "very great influence" in 1654, they might have added that the authority from whom they quote it goes on to show that the statement is false. The claims and successes of the merchants are indeed systematically overrated. Even a doggerel tradesman's hymn of 1641 is quoted to show "the insecurity which merchants still felt under a political regime which they did not control." Lack of humour, as the Germans have shown, can be a great help in doctrinaire history. Finally, having followed the radical sects with tender care as long as they were a virtuous minority in opposition, Messrs. Hill and Dell are curiously reticent about that less virtuous group which, preaching totalitarian doctrines of naked power, actually represented them when they obtained a brief authority. Still, all this follows naturally from the premises, and in the last resort, as Gibbon said of another doctrinaire historian, from this rich treasury of facts and opinions, one can deduce one's own consequences, beyond the holy circle of the editors.

There is one further, and important, point to be made. One of the best sources of social information on this period is Clarendon's great *History of the Rebellion*. To extract the rich but scattered deposits from that huge, labyrinthine, sometimes tumbled-in and flooded mine we need skilled guides and trained prospectors. Messrs. Hill and Dell could have presented valuable samples from such a source. It is not their fault that they have not done so—forbidden by the Delegates of the Oxford University Press, jealous owners of that perpetual copyright.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER.

CARLYLE ON THE SOFA

Mr. Carlyle My Patient. By JAMES L. HALLIDAY. *Heinemann Medical Books.* 15s.

Matthew Arnold, Dr. Halliday reminds us, described Carlyle as "part man of genius, part fanatic—and part Tom Fool." No two men could have been more alien from each other in spirit, but Arnold's coolness and elegance have survived far better than the Sage of Ecclefechan's *ersatz* Old Testament thunder. As yet, at any rate, the Victorian revival has brought with it no revival of interest in Carlyle, and indeed there seems no good reason why it should. Reading him to-day, one might conclude that the essential qualifications for a prophet are confusion of thought, a strident voice and a vile temper. His influence, apparent in the work of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who shares his enthusiasm for Strong Men, *i.e.*, dictators, finally waned, one supposes, at the beginning of the century, after having infected two generations of earnest nonconformist working men, who, somewhat naively it may seem to-day, equated his perfervid denunciations of nineteenth-century *laissez-faire* with Labour Party Socialism. He was, in fact, the most thorough-going of authoritarians. It was in the following words that he made his ideal Prime Minister address the unemployed:

> My indigent unguided friends, depend upon it you shall be led to your work. To each of you I say: "Here is work for you"; strike into it with man-like, soldier-like obedience, and wages follow for you without difficulty. Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; still in vain, I will at last shoot you.

So there. Dr. Halliday tells us that Carlyle was widely read in Germany between the wars: one can well understand it.

As one looks at Carlyle's work and personality to-day, it is probably the fanaticism and the tom-foolery that are most plainly visible. His

matter and his manner are equally disagreeable; when the Wagnerian verbiage is stripped away his ideas are seen to amount only to a very few simple intuitions: that man is a poor thing; that he must Work; that he must follow blindly the Great Man, the Hero, who seems to be the temporary expression of the Godhead; and that somehow or other, as a result, Right—or it might be Might, for Carlyle existed in a permanent mental confusion over which was which—would prevail. As a human being, he appears no less rebarbative: a nagger, a denigrator, blown up almost to bursting point with conceit, contemptuous of practically all the rest of the world—except members of the aristocracy; unable to appreciate his wife when they were together, falling in love with her again as soon as he was away from her. How, one thinks, could they have fallen so completely under his spell, his contemporaries? How could an intelligent, civilised, sensitive man like J. S. Mill have considered himself, even if only for a time, his disciple?

The answer, of course, is simply that he *was*, however unpleasantly, a genius; and we can, I believe, understand the spell he laid on his younger contemporaries if we compare him with D. H. Lawrence, with whom he had much in common. Like Lawrence, among all the confusion of his thought, he did see one thing clearly and, doing so, was able to attack his age at its weakest point. For one of his intuitions was absolutely true: the cash-nexus between man and man was not enough to hold society together. And again like Lawrence, he expressed what he saw and felt in an idiosyncratic prose which, repellent though it is, is a style of genius. Fuliginous, hectoring, absurdly Teutonic, over-emphatic, strident to the point of hysteria, his prose is everything that prose should not be; and yet, given the necessary historical imagination, one has only to turn over the pages of *Heroes and Hero-Worship* and *The French Revolution* to see how immediately effective, how spell-binding, as great oratory can be, it was. Whatever else he was not, he was a great writer born, possessed of the most vividly pictorial imagination and able to recreate the past—a set scene, a man, a great event—with all the murky and unnatural clarity of hallucination.

Dr. Halliday is not concerned primarily with Carlyle either as man of letters or as one of the most influential personages of his day. He calls his book "a psychosomatic biography." It has long been known that Carlyle's view of life was profoundly influenced by the indigestion from which he suffered for the greater part of his life; but Dr. Halliday sees beyond this. He has imagined Carlyle being passed on to him in his capacity as medical psychologist, and, his attention first arrested by that chronic indigestion, "fully accounted for," according to Victorian medical science, "by the fact that he was particularly fond of a very nasty gingerbread," he has gone on to compile from Carlyle's works, his letters and reminiscences especially, and from his wife's letters and Froude's *Life*, a pretty complete case-history of the patient. There may be moments when the lay reader will giggle; he will surely regret, with Dr. Halliday, that "further discussion of Carlyle's constipation is out of place in view of lack of essential data"; but he will, I think, agree that the author has conducted his analysis with tact and with a modesty not always found in medical psychologists who turn to literature for their subject-matter.

With a great deal of ingenuity Dr. Halliday exposes what seems to him the fundamental, infantile pattern lying behind Carlyle's emotional life:

> (He) defended himself against the insecurity he experienced with his mother by becoming "good" and by attempting to be independent before he had worked through the dependent tendencies natural to his age and . . . he reacted to his father by avoidance, isolation and taciturnity. These trends were not at first easily achieved or maintained. But as he grew older they gradually became automatic compulsions that continued to operate irrespective of the changing actualities of his life's circumstance.

Dr. Halliday finds that, emotionally, he was fixated at the anal stage of development, a stage marked, among other things, by "violent attacks of rage" and "blind aggressiveness." His chronic dyspepsia was a physical symbol of this emotional immaturity. Dr. Halliday, it seems to me, is always fair: if some of his deductions may at first appear over-ingenious or far-fetched he always has his evidence, either in Carlyle's own words or in interpretations of the dreams he recorded and of *Sartor Resartus*, which, as a work of fantasy, approximates closely enough for his purpose to the world of dreams.

Dr. Halliday is especially interesting when he analyses Carlyle's ideas in the light of what is known about anal aggressive behaviour generally and when he describes him as a precursor of what is apparently a quite recent type of man, the anxious man with a stomach ulcer, the enormous increase in whose numbers is, it seems, "related to a progressive increase in the proportion of individuals in Western civilisation who have been seriously frustrated in emotional growth." The secret of Carlyle's influence on the later nineteenth century, then, was that he was a man with both genius and an ulcer addressing thousands of men with ulcers. But if that is so, why has his influence waned in these days when merely to see a stomach is to suspect an ulcer? The answer seems to be that Carlyle was young in unconscious crime: *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* and *Shooting Niagara* are poor conductors of unconscious feelings of aggression compared with tough thrillers, sadistic films, *Mein Kampf* and Marxist propaganda. Who is going to feel strongly about "gigmanity" when there are Anglo-American Imperialists, Fascists, Communists, Negroes, Jews and homosexuals to hate, and all the instruments of modern publicity to canalise the aggression and whip up the hatred?

WALTER ALLEN

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Final Night. By ROBERT GAINES. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Slickness and intensity: most contemporary novels that are worth reading at all suffer from one or the other. A few suffer from both. Intensity is the characteristic fault of a talent for self-expression divorced from a discerning intelligence. It is the fault of people who can write, but have nothing to write about. Slickness is the characteristic fault of intelligence (not of the highest order) divorced from the capacity to feel deeply. It is the fault of the journalist who knows about everything and cares about nothing. The typical intense novel is written by a woman, about a woman, for women. The typical slick novel is written by a man, about a "promising" subject, for anyone who can be induced to buy the book. The slickest slick novels are American.

Of the novels under review *Final Night* and *Tender Mercy* are slick, *Prairial* does not completely escape intensity, and *Secret Valleys*, never exactly slick and seldom exactly intense, falls short of what it might have been because of some shadow of both these faults. It is nevertheless an interesting piece of work, which shows a considerable "advance," as publishers say, on Mr. Cousins's first novel, and makes one feel that he is, perhaps a little hesitantly, getting somewhere. The survivors of an aircrew return to Crete, to make contact with a partisan leader to whom they once dropped supplies. It is a kind of pilgrimage disguised as a holiday excursion. They find him, but he is hiding in the hills with the police on his track, and in the end he is shot. What really happens in this book?—that is to say, what are the English party really looking for, and what do they really find? They don't know, and one feels that the author himself is not quite certain. Hence the occasional vagueness, the padding with dim, voguish, portentous words:

> His disappointment turned inwards against himself in a feeling of disgust and impotence and sadness; as a believer might feel watching his god on the altar, crumbling into dust, eaten away from within by meaningless devouring termites; seeing the flowers decaying that once he had offered in love.

I think "impotence" might have been left out; as for "meaningless devouring" this is a pure intensity-phase; indeed the introduction of the word "meaningless" might well have been a Freudian slip. It is because the book as a whole is good that this weakness is worth commenting on; Mr. Cousins handles the individual incidents, the characters, the run of narrative, with a good deal of address; he can be ironical and he can, in flashes, be exceedingly funny. It would be worth waiting for a book in which he is quite certain of what he is getting at.

Prairial is a curious book. Looked at one way it is a Victorian melodrama about the Squire's Lady and a tenant-farmer, and the issue of their adulterous union, with madness, drink, and attempted infanticide thrown in. However, Miss Compton-Burnett's books could be described in similar terms, and Miss Talbot's, although not in this class, is a good deal more subtle and convincing than might appear from a bald description. The style is a little ungainly, but it grows on one, and so do the characters. In the climax the author explores for a moment a deeper level of the terrible and the pitiful; the clarity and restraint of the book as a whole, however, are vitiated by a device of inserting, in italics, the unspoken thoughts of the characters; with this device there enters the occasional note of intensity, a fault from which the book is elsewhere admirably free.

Now for the slick side. *Tender Mercy* appears

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ANDREW MELROSE

to me to be an attempt to shock readers into respectful attention by a calculated attack upon their most easily stirred feelings. It is the story of the exploitation of a couple's love for their idiot son. Having got hold of a nurse whom the youth adores, they pay for the girl's husband to be treated for tuberculosis. His illness is arrested, and he turns up and proceeds to bleed the parents of all their considerable wealth as a price of his wife's remaining to look after the boy, who will die of heartbreak if she leaves. One must hand it to Mr. Kaufman; this is ingenious. And very ingeniously he handles it, with a competence and ease which will produce, in the right audience, a tonic sense of outrage.

Sample of Mr. Kaufman's slickness:

"I had a boy friend once. He was an arrested case of T.B. He was a tiger." She said it the same way.

"Like tigers?"

"Love 'em."

He patted her thigh, and she didn't move.

"Good. Then we've got to play jungle."

I didn't care for Mr. Kaufman's handling of a story of ruthless cruelty, but one must hand it to him that he can hardly have supposed that a book on this theme would be a really big best-seller.

Mr. Robert Gaines, according to his publishers, is a Fleet Street reporter, a blowed-in-the-glass professional, and for slickness Fleet Street can run America a close second. Since he is actually writing about Fleet Street, that minute-to-minute world of artificial crisis, with its obsessions about the dead-line, the beat, and the exclusive, his febrile, smart, Greene-&-kitsch writing is bearable.

"I'm coming up to lunch." She lighted a match and the sound scraped in his ear, harsh as her threat. He disliked her most as he knew she was, up against the hall-stand with her dressing-gown unfastened, too careless with her body, dangling the cigarette expertly from the corner of her pale turned down mouth. "Why can't we do a show together for once?" she demanded.

As to the plot, there are some improbable goings-on with the Special Branch and a distinguished refugee, tied up with other goings-on at the Old Bailey where "Judge," alias "Lord," Probart is trying a girl for murder. In the end all the beats, exclusives, by-lines and dead-lines work out, and everyone is happy, hysterical, disgusted, ruthless and remorseful, and ready for a new day.

J. D. SCOTT

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SCIENCE OR MORALS

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One would like to applaud Professor Cole's belief that economics ought to be a branch of morals, and his condemnation of professional economists whose narrow interest in market phenomena excludes moral considerations which have no price. "Morals has never lent itself to tidy quantitative assessments," says Professor Cole, and one likes him the better for choosing to be "an untidy social moralist" rather than leave out moral factors in order to improve the elegance of his economic thinking.

But Socialists who are interested in economics—the public to which this book is addressed—do not necessarily have to choose between a tidy, amoral, professional economics, and a Socialist version of the science which is righteous but rugged. Economic science is an amoral mechanism, like a mechanical brain. If you feed it with a sufficient number of facts, and limit precisely the assumptions upon which it is to reason, it will produce logically impeccable answers. One may dislike the answers on moral grounds sufficiently to wish to change the data on which the machine reasons, but one cannot blame it for producing them. Much as one may deplore the hydrogen bomb, one can hardly condemn the science of physics for discovering the way atoms behave. Economics, like physics, could not become a science until moral judgments were eliminated from its logic.

Admittedly, it can only be used as a beneficial tool of policy if value judgments about human behaviour are taken into account. All economists make these judgments, and none makes them more insistently than those detached guardians of the scientific purity of economics who pronounce occasionally on current problems. Economists who say with professional authority that a little unemployment would make people work harder can derive no shred of support for this belief from economic science. They are making a judgment about human behaviour and your guess about the effect of unemployment on output is as good as theirs.

The title of this book—*Socialist Economics*—and Professor Cole's insistence that there is such a study, may tend to mislead the reader. The only difference that there should be between a Socialist and a Liberal economist is about the assumptions which economics should take into account. The method of reasoning is common to both. Professor Cole knows this very well. He shows in his first chapter how the conclusions of the classical economists were often based on wrong assumptions about the social context in which industry and trade were carried on, and how they sometimes assumed that the law of property and the state of business competition were in the unchangeable order of natural things. He shows neatly the distinction between economic mechanisms and judgments about their social context when he says: "There is nothing wrong with the price system as such; what is wrong with its working under capitalism is that, with incomes badly distributed, it distorts instead of reflecting the wants of the people."

This book is valuable where it diverges from its own basic conception to point out the dependence of economists' conclusions on their value judgments and other "unscientific" data; it is misleading when it tries to put back the clock by mixing morals with the logic of the science. But it is with reluctance that one is forced to criticise a book which is full of lively comment on past thought and current problems, and which is written with a humanity that is rarely to be found in contemporary economic literature.

PETER SOVREN

IDEALISM *v.* REALISM

Beyond Realism and Idealism. By WILBUR MARSHALL URBAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Realism *v.* Idealism, like the boat race, appears to be a regular fixture, with no final victor, exciting the interest and loyalties of people who neither indulge in the sport themselves, nor are conversant with its technicalities, nor indeed have any genuine affiliation with either of the contestants. And this makes Mr. Urban's new book of interest to others than academic philosophers; the stand people take on this issue is almost certainly correlated with social political attitudes and even with psychological types; whether there is also a *logical* connection, is another question.

Idealism, both in technical and ordinary usage, has at least two meanings: it may mean either the doctrine that the mind somehow creates or affects the things it knows, or it may mean the doctrine that "value is a constituent of the universe," meaning or implying that things are fundamentally good, or will be so in the end, or, even if they are not nor will be, certain other things, Values, exist which make up for it. Professor Urban is concerned with both these senses, and considers them interdependent.

The model with which he tends implicitly to work is something like this: "Knowing" is the name of an essentially homogeneous process involving two entities, Mind and Reality. Think of the former as a kind of camera taking snaps of the latter; now a camera cannot take *anything*, but only scenes satisfying certain general conditions of photography. On the other hand, it must take pictures of things independently existing, otherwise it would not be a camera but merely a machine for the manufacture of possibly pretty but uninformative patterns. Idealists are those who stress the first condition of genuine photography, insisting that Reality is essentially photogenic, even adding that we can rely on it remaining such because somehow the mind-camera *makes* its objects. Realists stress the second condition, maintaining that photography is only genuine if it is of objects existing prior to it.

It is worth pointing out that the problem Urban deals with in a slightly old-fashioned way is similar to, or at least one of the linear ancestors of, the problems dealt with by the "linguistic" method of more modern philosophers; but a layman might well be excused not noticing this in view of the radical mutation undergone by philosophy both in method and in terminology during the past generation or so. These more modern philosophers would be likely to criticise this book on the grounds of its implicit acceptance of the above model rather than because of any argument based on it; they would object to the using of any one simplified over-all model of knowing, preferring to make a detailed examination of the conditions under which it is correct to say of someone that he knows something.

Urban indeed declares that the characteristic philosophic cry is "*we must know*," not in the sense in which an Intelligence agent, gossip or research worker might perhaps utter it, meaning that we must get hold of some particular piece of information; but that what we want is an account of knowledge, a story roughly in the terms of the model I have given, which, in *those terms*, would make "knowledge" sound both possible and non-trivial.

What Urban sees himself doing can best be shown by a parable, and perhaps, owing to a certain lack of concreteness, in no other way. There is a duel, the two protagonists being Idealism and Realism. Urban wants to reconcile them; it is all a terrible misunderstanding, and they would realise that they love and need each other, really, if they listened. Enter Logical Positivism, jeering at the whole proceedings and

maintaining that it is a fraud, that the duellists are impostors and the pistols not loaded. Urban manages to combine the task of conciliator appealing to hidden affinities of the protagonists with the task of rebutting the charge of hoax based on a similar suspicion. But more's to come: a further villainous character, Naturalism, turns up. He tries and sometimes succeeds in making friends with Realism, and under his evil influence the latter really does become a danger to his real friend, Idealism. The Positivist whom Urban has in mind is A. J. Ayer; by Naturalism he means the view, springing from Locke's "physiology of knowledge" and receiving great impetus from Darwinism, that "knowledge is not pivotal but derivative," that it is to be seen and studied as any other natural activity of an organism.

Urban's solution of his main problem is a "both-and" solution. How far he succeeds in reconciling his two main characters, warding off a third and denigrating a fourth will depend on what criteria we apply. Frankly admitting that these issues are neither matters of logic nor of empirical evidence, being about the "Value and Meaning" of knowledge, and to be settled by "dialectic," he shows that most criticisms he is likely to encounter would be based on standards he does not accept. About "Values" he is an Objectivist, and by "Meaning" he means something like the unfortunate German word *Bedeutung*—a mixture of "symbolic meaning" and "general importance" "Dialectic" appears to be a matter of talking out apparently incompatible arguments and then seeing a position transcending both. Applying this to his main task of reconciliation, it leads him to say that reality is somehow both mind-like and independent of mind, indeed that these two features properly seen imply each other; and he bolsters this up by saying that this doctrine is a backbone of the "Western philosophic tradition," though alas, there are many deviationists. In the end he seems to approach a kind of pragmatism, maintaining that certain "values" are so bound up with the above doctrine that we must believe it in order to preserve them; though no facts or contradictions will slap us in the face if we don't. A certain vagueness and untidiness of style makes it perhaps likely that one is unfair to his doctrine; it also acts as a kind of protective covering against criticism.

ERNEST GELLNER

RECENT MURDERS

The Cornish Fox. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

The Golden Dart. By SELWYN JEPSON. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.

Murder Included. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Murder Next Door. By MARJORIE ALAN. *Hale.* 8s. 6d.

The Silent Sisters. By MARGARET ARCHER. *Jarrolds.* 9s. 6d.

Frequent Hearses. By EDMUND CRISPIN. *Gollancz.* 9s.

Student Body. By M. R. HODGKIN. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

On this occasion the heavy dragoons of detection are off duty, taking a well-earned rest. Here come the Light Brigade, who wish to please first and detect afterwards—if detect they must! No slogging brainwork is mercifully required of readers who choose to follow their elegant manoeuvres.

Mr. Kitchin has the inestimable advantage of working with an amateur detective whose company never palls. Malcolm Warren, the dilettante stockbroker who first became involved in crime twenty years ago in *Murder of My Aunt*, not only comes straight out of Throgmorton Street, but remains in perfect character under all circumstances as inevitably as did Sherlock Holmes. In *The Cornish Fox*, for instance, when murder has just thrown the house where he is staying into turmoil, Warren feels obliged to make a helpful gesture towards his host: he collects the dirty crockery and puts it carefully in the kitchen sink. "I made no attempt to wash up." Or again on his first arrival, when his host asks what he would like to do next: "Had I been at home, I should have said, 'What I should really like is to take a large whisky and soda to my room and do algebra there till dinner—which I hope will be good.'" His impassive aplomb sustains Warren in every perplexity, provided his bodily comforts secure prompt and adequate attention: and the passion for algebra extends to solving any criminal equations that come along. The plot of *The Cornish Fox* (a matter of anonymous letters heralding murder) is of no particular merit, but with Warren as the investigator Mr. Kitchin's book needs no further commendation.

The villain in *The Golden Dart* is so faintly obscured that the plot hardly ranks as detection; but I have not the heart to relegate it to the limbo of thrillers. The contrast of characters, the neat dialogue, the swift sequence of astonishing events, all rattled off in the most effortless prose, are just what a reviewer is always praying for. The wild incredibility of the action may be counted a serious drawback: but Mr. Jepson believes that in a matter of melodrama, in for a penny, in for a pound. Eve Kirk, the heroine, is already familiar to some of us from her adventures in *Man Running*, recently filmed by Alfred Hitchcock. Her new adventures on the Suffolk coast will make equally good cinema, and are blatantly aimed in that direction.

Miss Joanna Cannan has already a distinguished career as a writer of novels and children's books about ponies. When she turns her hand to a detective story it seems only natural that a pony-loving child and a novelist's zest for character-drawing should take precedence over the detection. Yet the plot of *Murder Included* (where two deaths occur in an English country mansion converted into a guest-house) has a subtle twist to it which even Mrs. Christie might envy. Miss Cannan, however, cannot assume Mrs. Christie's godlike detachment. The sympathy and antipathy that she feels for her characters exude at every stroke of her pen. Thus Sir Charles is the odious aristocratic product of Winchester and New College; the detective from Scotland Yard is a low class-hatred type nourished on *The New Statesman;* while the bouquets are all lavished on Bunny, the paragon of culture, and her darling bohemian pony-loving daughter. Such manifest bias allows little latitude in the choice of a villain. *Murder Included* is delightfully readable, and only just misses the front rank of detection owing to the author's injudicious lack of reticence.

When the woman next door died of an overdose of her usual barbiturate, who pepped up the sleeping-draught? This elementary little plot Miss Alan swaddles in a snug cocoon of misunderstanding and suspense. The heroine of *Murder Next Door* finds herself and her lover heading the long list of suspects; and falls into the characteristic posture of a woman at bay—knuckles closely pressed against a stiff upper lip. That would have made a more appropriate, if hackneyed, dust cover than the actual one; which outrages the author's careful deception by showing half the murderer's face. Miss Alan is in the Ethel Lina White and Mrs. Eberhart tradition, but she disdains to use the rising tones of suppressed hysteria to get her emotional effects. Her style is confident yet unassuming, and she throws the reader into a state of tension and anticipation by the sheer vigour of her narrative.

The merits of *The Silent Sisters* are inconspicuous; the style is pretentious; the characterisation paltry; and the plot a commonplace rigmarole. But the book poses one psychological problem that deserves cursory notice. Why are the sisters silent? They have lived in the same house together for twenty years without speaking to each other. You need not bother with the

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higgledy-piggledy crimes. Concentrate on the silence of the sisters and you can reach the solution.

Edmund Crispin has been basking in public praise lately; and his fame must have reached the film industry, judging from the internal evidence in *Frequent Hearses*, where the scene of events is a film studio on the outskirts of London. Gloria Scott, a young and apparently successful film actress, drowns herself off Waterloo Bridge. Her death is the signal for a spate of homicide, which Professor Fen and Inspector Humbleby between them are quite unable to prevent: indeed Fen himself almost lands up among the corpses. Edmund Crispin handles the plot with his customary adroitness, but there is something missing from the stock pantomime properties. For one thing, where are the usual comic accessories? No homing pig? No mock heroic bloodhound? Even Fen's car seems to go when it's asked, and no longer backfires uproariously; while Fen himself has dwindled in boisterous exuberance. The only frills that persist (and with those we could easily dispense) are the literary quotations. Fen may be Eng. Lit. Professor at Oxford, but is that any reason why a casual young lady should quote steadily from her repertoire while chasing a murderer in a maze? Altogether *Frequent Hearses* runs on more formal lines than any previous Crispin. The detection is quite straightforward, with a valid motive and the decisive clue well camouflaged.

Student Body is that delightful American product—a Campus murder. Two undergraduates of Caradoc College fall to their death in puzzling circumstances. Bemused by the complicated pattern of social intercourse among the sophisticated co-eds, one may at first flinch from one's duty to spot the criminal. But Miss Hodgkin plays scrupulously fair by the reader, scattering clues generously to suit every taste. There is a clue from character, a clue from alibis, and even a clue from dear old English Literature. For the duffers and slow-coaches she throws in a word-association test and a lie-detector to make things easier. Even so she is likely to make a fool of you. This is Miss Hodgkin's first venture into detection and I advise no one to miss it.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Secret Forces. By F. O. MIKSCHE. *Faber.* 10s.6d.

Assuming a probable, and perhaps inevitable, war against the Soviet Union, the author (former Director of Operations in General de Gaulle's secret service organisation) sets out to explain the principles and practice of armed resistance in occupied countries, and to invoke the need for diligent and far-seeing preparation by Western military commanders and Governments. Unhappily, like most writers who approach this subject from an orthodox conservative standpoint, Mr. Miksche appears not to have understood the inner nature of the resistance movements, and he is capable of writing that "revolutions and underground movements should be initiated and directed at the beginning from outside." This indeed was the favourite doctrine of the British S.O.E. services during the war; and it was proved hopelessly at fault in the Balkans, in Italy, and even in France, although it succeeded to some extent in Denmark and Norway. Like many of his wartime staff colleagues, Mr. Miksche seems to regard what he calls "people's war" as the product essentially of intrigue and conspiracy, instead of being the product of outraged patriotism, of the elementary needs of self-defence, and of the belief in revolutionary means as vital to the creation of a better life. He admits that the "people's war" is essentially political warfare; what he fails to see is that it is also, and often in its harshest and ugliest form, class warfare—a fact which goes far to explain the phenomenal success of the Communists at waging it. Mr. Miksche avoids the central issue which would arise if his plans for anti-Communist "people's war" were ever put into effect—which is whether the middle-class in its masses could ever be stimulated to armed resistance.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. MOZART: G minor, K550 (Vienna Phil Furtwängler. DB6997-9). At last a really satisfactory new set of this most elusive symphony! In the first movement Furtwängler's tempo is very brisk—but after all it is marked, unambiguously, *allegro molto*, and on this occasion there is no sense of haste or confusion. In fact the whole performance is beautifully clear and straightforward, without eccentricity or straining after effect. The tone of the Vienna Philharmonic is faithfully recorded in all departments, and the balance is true. FRANCK: D minor (Philharmonia Galliera. DX1629-33). The Münch set of this symphony (Decca) takes four records, as against Galliera's five; but those who feel able to afford the extra penny are advised to go for the new set. Münch takes the music faster and more nonchalantly (a questionable advantage); the recording of his set is quite agreeable in tone, but so resonant that the timbres are apt to get blurred. In the new set the woodwind stands out much more clearly and the tone, though very full, is never harsh. Galliera gives a dignified and dramatic account of the score, welding the heterogeneous material into a satisfying shape.

Concerto. MOZART: Oboe Concerto, C major, K314 (Evelyn Rothwell/Hallé/Barbirolli. C3954-5). Originally intended for the flute (not, as we know, one of Mozart's favourite instruments) this concerto can hardly be described as inspired; but since it is by Mozart, it inevitably has moments of beauty and (in the slow movement) of tenderness. The recording seems to have caught Miss Rothwell on an off day: the tone of her oboe sounds sour (this may be a recording fault) and her playing—usually so accomplished—is effortful and careless of small details. In the Finale the tempo is decidedly too slow.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*, Op. 56a (LPO Van Beinum. AX299-300). This set is most beautifully recorded and, until the final variation, impeccably played. In the Finale we miss the sense of the banners unfurling: the rushing scales lack colour and brilliance, the whole sonority is below par. A pity, since in all other respects the set is an improvement on the recent Furtwängler issue—and cheaper, too. BRAHMS: *Tragic Overture*, Op. 81 (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX1251-2). A noble performance of a noble work. It may be mere fancy, but I seem to discern in this music, with its strong light and shade, a transference to the spiritual plane of the natural conflict described in Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture. The recording is spacious and well balanced, with only a little coarseness of tone on sides 1 and 3. The fill-up is Brahms's *Hungarian Dance* No. 5. BRITTEN: *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge*, Op. 10 (Boyd Neel String Orch. AK2307-9). This set yields pure pleasure. Boyd Neel has deepened and subtilised his interpretation of a clever, amusing, imaginative piece. The recording deals consummately with the numerous varieties of string tone achieved by this admirable orchestra. BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens—Royal Hunt and Storm* (Paris Conservatoire/Münch. X301). An undistinguished performance very well recorded. Münch does not seem to have felt either the romantic beauty of the clarinet theme or the full evocative power of the piece as a whole. The notes are all there, but the thrill of the RPO Beecham record (H.M.V.) is wholly to seek. GLINKA: *Valse Fantaisie* (Philharmonia Malko. C3949). An extremely welcome record. This delightful chain of waltzes, composed in 1839 (twenty years after the prototype of all such pieces—Weber's *Invitation*), looks forward to the *Valses Romantiques* of Chabrier. It is conducted with a nice sense of period, and the recording is agreeably bright. SAINT-SAËNS: *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, Op. 31 (RPO Beecham. DB 6498). Good as was the recent Decca record, this one seems to me even better, though I wish the turn-over had not been (needlessly) placed right in the middle of the climax. Beecham gives a more emphatic accent than Münch to the first note of the muted string

rupetti, and the brass theme is more forceful; but there is no lack of delicacy in the main sections and the recording gives full value to the softest notes.

Chamber Music and Piano. HAYDN: String Quartet C major, Op. 33 No. 3 ("The Bird") (Koppel Quartet. LX1254-5). The six quartets, Op. 33, opened a new, and more mature, phase in Haydn's career. Every one is masterly, but No. 3 is perhaps the best known. A recent issue, by the Griller Quartet, was good, but had not quite the authority, or the tonal beauty, of the new set. The Koppel Quartet is indeed an impressive ensemble: only in the Finale does the playing yield something to the Pro Arte performance (in the Haydn Society, Vol. 1). The recording leaves nothing to be desired. BACH: *Prelude and Fugue No. 8, E flat minor* (Denis Matthews. DX1635). With its slow, meditative Prelude, this is one of the finest of the Forty-Eight, but it needs a rather more masterly treatment than Denis Matthews gives it. His performance has no positive faults, but the absence of self-confidence results in a certain loss of grip. BACH-BUSONI: *Chaconne* (Michelangeli. DB21005-6). Busoni's piano version of the Chaconne from the D minor Partita for solo violin, is among the most convincing transcriptions of anything ever made. It demands above all a player whose tone becomes more beautiful as it increases in volume. Michelangeli's style suits the piece to perfection and the recording accommodates the great climaxes without complaint. CHOPIN: *Polonaise, A flat major*, Op. 53 (Julius Katchen. K2293). This war-horse has been ridden almost to death, but Julius Katchen manages to revive it by resisting the temptation to mere bravura. This is a thoroughly musical performance, and the tone is excellent from top to bottom. CHOPIN: *Mazurkas, C sharp minor, Op. 63, No. 3*, and *A minor, Op. 68, No. 2* (Halina Stefanska. B9866). On the slender evidence of this little disc, I should say that Halina Stefanska was a pianist of uncommon attainments. Her style is exquisitely smooth and quiet (except in one short passage, which sticks out uncomfortably); her poetic approach to these late Mazurkas was perhaps less rare fifty years ago than it is to-day. Lovers of Chopin—and of the piano—should not neglect this disc. I shall await Mme Stefanska's next record with eager curiosity. COUPERIN: *Le tic-toc-choc*, and *Les Barricades Mystérieuses* (Monique Haas. F9331). Attractive pieces, played with great neatness and sense of style. Recording good.

Vocal. SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe*—Song Cycle Op. 48 (Suzanne Danco/Guido Agosti. AK 2310-2). It seems ungrateful to say so, but I cannot help wishing that Suzanne Danco had recorded the *Frauenliebe* (of which no good recording exists) instead of the *Dichterliebe*, which—more perhaps than any song cycle, except the *Winterreise*—demands a male voice. Having made this point, I hasten to add that Mme Danco gives a most carefully studied performance, replete with intelligence and beauty. Oddly enough, she succeeds best in those songs which require weight of tone—especially in the lower register; her "Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen," for instance, is by contrast less remarkable. The accompaniments are beautifully played and the balance just right. Mme Danco's rivals in the field are Panzéra and Aksel Schiötz (both H.M.V.). The former set is far from new, but the recording still sounds well. Panzéra captures to admiration the emotional qualities of the songs, and Cortot's accompaniments are wonderfully delicate. Aksel Schiötz begins rather tentatively, and his whole rendering, though it improves considerably, is unattractively tame and cold. Readers must judge from these data which set they are likely to prefer. BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*—"Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben" (Act I); WEBER: *Der Frieschütz*—"Hier im ird'schen Jammerthal" (Act I) (Ludwig Weber/Vienna Phil/Prohaska. LB87). Ludwig Weber gives a splendidly rotund account, both of Rocco's aria and of Caspar's not very interesting Brindisi. The record is extremely well made. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"Ella giammai m'amo" (Act IV) (Boris Christoff/Philharmonia DB21007). The long introduction to this grave and touching aria is needlessly shorn of some important bars. Boris Christoff gives us some fine singing and squeezes the last drop of emotion from King Philip's rueful meditation, but I cannot pretend to like the embarrassing cadenza of sobs with which the singer makes his exit. RESPIGHI: *E se un giorno tornasse; Stornellatrice* (Victoria De Los Angeles. DA1930). The first of these songs is a dialogue, in the barest recitative, between a dying woman and her (female) friend concerning the former's lover. *Stornellatrice* is simpler in idea and more melodious. One can scarcely imagine either of them more expressively sung, or with much better tone; but to have issued them without the texts was an act of folly. When will the companies learn that the words of almost any song are indispensable to full enjoyment of the music? PUCCINI: *La Bohème*—"Mi chiamano Mimi" (Act I); "Dondi lieta usci" (Act III) (Hilde Gueden/LSO/Krips. X302). If Hilde Gueden does not alway fit note and syllable together as would an Italian singer, her voice has the quality and pathos needed for these two arias. In its way this is a memorable record and the balance is admirable. GODARD: *Jocelyn*—"Angels guard thee"; TOSTI: *L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra* (Björling/Orch/Grevillius. DA1931). I recommend this disc for Björling's affectionate singing of the *Berceuse de Jocelyn*, to which he manages to restore some freshness. On the other hand, I doubt if anyone could prevent the Tosti song from reminding us of a used bit of chewing gum. LEONCAVALLO: *Pagliacci*—Prologue (Giuseppe Valdengo/New SO/Erede. X303). Giuseppe Valdengo has an indisputably fine voice, but he uses it here without much intelligence or feeling. The recording is superb, but I think most people will continue to prefer Tito Gobbi's electrifying disc (H.M.V.), although it is less well recorded. DOWLAND: *In darkness let me dwell: Fine knacks for ladies* (Alfred Deller/Desmond Dupré (guitar). C3951). This record gives a peculiar and very rare kind of pleasure. Alfred Deller's native woodnotes wild may not be to everyone's taste, but the art with which he uses them is probably unique among voices of this kind. The songs themselves are lovely and so is the recording. MILHAUD: *Chansons de Ronsard* (Lily Pons/Orch/Kostelanetz. LX1256). The best record Mme Pons has made for a long time. The songs, which were written especially for her, exploit the agility of her top register and refrain from drawing attention to the weaknesses lower down. The orchestral accompaniment is metallic in tone and badly balanced. BACH: *Jesu, joy of man's desiring* (Cantata No. 149); *Sleepers awake* (Cantata No. 140) (The Cantata Singers/Jacques Orch. K2292). It is something to hear these famous chorales for once in their original form. The choral tone is beautifully *human* in quality and excellently recorded. I should have liked the oboe in "Jesu, joy" to be rather more in evidence; but the disc is highly commendable. FOLK SONGS: *Edward; Lady Maisey* (John Langstaff/Woodbridge B9860). *As I walked through the meadows; The lark in the morn; Gipsy laddie; The old grey goose* (ditto B9861). These records are wholly delightful and should on no account be missed. Mr. Langstaff is, it appears, an American: his voice is charming in quality, admirably controlled, and his diction is excellent. It is a long time since I heard folk songs delivered with so unemphatic an appreciation of their humour and pathos. POEMS by W. B. YEATS: Down by the Salley Gardens; The Scholars; The Wild Swans at Coole; The Second Coming; Easter, 1916; Death; Sailing to Byzantium; Byzantium; Lapis Lazuli; Ribh considers Christian love insufficient (Cecil Day Lewis and Mary O'Farrell. DX1637-8). Not one of these poems but is in its way a masterpiece. The choice of speakers is admirable. Mr. Day Lewis broadens his brogue very slightly for the occasion; this is in place, but he must

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beware of the treacherous tremolo into which he sometimes lapses—notably in "Sailing to Byzantium," which ought to be hard and black as obsidian. In that tragic lament, "Easter, 1916," on the other hand, he is much more successful. Mary O'Farrell is never less than good, but I like especially her rendering of "The Second Coming." The speakers are exactly the right distance from the microphone. These discs are an outstanding addition to the library of recorded verse, which has begun to assume impressive proportions. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,046

Set by Richard Lister

A civil letter of thanks, of not more than 150 words, after a country week-end during which you had, among other things, to wash up, chop wood, play games with the children, cycle five miles for the rations your hostess had forgotten, and be present at the inopportune arrival of the black sheep of the family. Entries by March 14.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,043

Set by Arachne MacLeod

The usual prizes are offered for the first 150 words of an election address by one of the following: Oscar Wilde, Ronald Firbank, Blake, Edward Lear, Gertrude Stein, William Morris, Samuel Butler, Miss Buss or Miss Beale.

Report by Arachne MacLeod

Perhaps it was a mistake to include characters who were not writers—it was harder to get the right tone of voice. Certainly Miss Buss and Miss Beale produced no remarkable addresses. Wilde was hard to hit off, and nearly all the Stein entries came from competitors who showed themselves but glancingly acquainted with her work. The lack of a Christian name for Blake resulted in a spirited broadside from the Admiral, but William slipped easily into the role of public prophet. Lear was the one who took to the job most happily, though none of the candidates revealed themselves as good party men. Among the entries which began with style but did not manage to keep it up, I liked W. J. Carson's Blake: "I am distinctly on the side of the angels"; L. E. J.'s Samuel Butler: "It is untrue that I am related to Mr. R. A. Butler; had he been a relation I should be opposing him"; Robert Parker's Wilde: "A deposit is like a good woman—neither is of any apparent value until it is lost." Prizes of a guinea each go to Robert Gaffikin, Leslie Johnson, Gavin Ewart, E.M., James Finlayson, John Holdsworth. Honourable mention: R. J. P. Hewison, J. R. Till, Isabel Finlayson, A. W. Sainsbury, Merton Atkins, G. J. Blundell, Ruth James.

EDWARD LEAR

Give your vote at the coming election (if not lunatic, convict or peer), to the man for whom all have affection, the whimsical bard, Mr. Lear. A lavender Communiservative, with dashes of Lib and of Lab; you will note unless quite unobservative, his marvellous gift of the gab. His views are extremely courageous, a Nat for both Scotland and Wales; his smile is so very contagious, and Oh how amusing his tales. Though his verses—delightfully funny—may sometimes be barely polite; his voice, and his pen, and his money, have always supported the Right. In debate he most eloquent waxes, with reason and argument deft, yet if up go the levies and taxes, will contrive with what ever is Left. The ship of state needs navigators, her course the good vessel to steer, men of action, not passive spectators, men of foresight like grand Edward Lear. ROBERT GAFFIKIN

Most scrutatory of electors, I will tell you imprimis and firstly *what* to do, and secondly and succedaneously *why*, if I remember. You are, then, to give the most injunctional orders that on the 23rd instant, notwithstanding your habitual somnosity, you are to be hustled and bustled downstairs to a precipitatory and punctilious breakfast, which, to mark the occasion and to instigulate your memory, you will eat with a runcible spoon and your customary delight and rapacity. Immediately thereafter, turning neither to the right upon the one hand not to the left upon any other, and taking with you some green sealing-wax, you will proceed mellifluously to the nearest polling station and announce yourself in a vociferous undertone, whereupon you will receive a Flimsy-whimsy or Taper-paper. This you will take to a commodious, secluded and contiguous recess and mark, opposite the word LEAR, a mystical and unical rune, thus—X. LESLIE JOHNSON

RONALD FIRBANK

My dears, nervously and with a *frisson* of displeasure I rise to "address" you . . . not for me the languid pomposities of "office," the aldermen in chains, so *atavistic* (though some Lords Mayor are rather sweet) . . . but even here, dears, in my own Café Royal, I have an impression of cigars and vulgarity. These, one feels, must "go." My programme, as it were, rejects them.

Seated in a luxury of plush we submit (but how foolishly!) to these barbarians, incapable of the *nuances*. Capable, perhaps, of an *après-midi*—but not, most certainly—*d'un faune*. They tell me Churchill is a dear—but those cigars!

The other "plank" in my "platform" concerns *les dames*. They, too, must go—delicious little maliciousnesses that they are! My Café must be, understandably, "purged." They might perhaps, one feels, be allowed the use of the "Ladies" . . . GAVIN EWART

WILLIAM BLAKE

The freezing of a meagre wage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
The housewife queueing in the rain
Makes the angels weep in vain,
And whoso lets the prices soar
Shall dwell in Hell forevermore.
He who conscripts a man to fight
Shall nevermore enjoy delight,
And he who builds an atom bomb
Blasts the infant in the womb.
All these evils wax in might
Through the strife of Left and Right,
For red eyed Faction sheds the blood
Of Mercy, Love and Brotherhood,
And while the classes are at war
Sweet Peace shall never bless your shore.
If it is the Left that gains,
Never think to lose your chains.
The State grows strong as you grow weak,
And Liberty is still to seek.
If the Right should top the poll,
Then Poverty shall rot your soul,
For they grow rich as you grow poor,
And all is as it was before . . .
E. M.

OSCAR WILDE

Many critics have accused me of splitting the vote, but none of splitting hairs; yet in quest of this quintessence of discrimination I contest this election. Giddy from moving in the best circles, I cannot toe the party line. While convinced of the degeneration of society, I do heartily approve the generation of Society; but policy I have none, for consistency is the devil. Without leisure for the upper and idleness for the lower orders, neither bon vivcur nor artist can thrive. That prosperity cannot be dissociated from socialism I concede, but state-patronage I abhor, for the bureaucrat is both puritan and blockhead. I believe in Art, in the black market, in Myself; and I despise the electorate, to succeed with whom is (for me) to fail. Do not vote for Wilde: he has crosses enough to bear. (Still, heckling was the occasion for some brilliant repartee.) JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

GERTRUDE STEIN

In the nineteenth century conservatism was believed in by conservatives and liberalism was believed in by liberals, socialism was not believed in by anyone there were not any socialists in the nineteenth century. There were radicals and they did not believe in socialism they were not socialists it is not the same thing at all, they did not know about dialectic you can not be a socialist if you do not know about dialectic and they did not know about dialectic it is not the same thing at all. Now we know about dialectic at least we do some of us do and we are deciding how to decide if we are keeping on feeling the same way about it that we have been feeling feeling is believing. We know about dialectic now and we are deciding if we are going to go on believing in dialectic in the way we do. Thank you. JOHN HOLDSWORTH

SAMUEL BUTLER

ELECTORS OF NWOTYNA

I submit myself not as Leumas Reltub whose paradoxes, once shocking, are the mythology of an age which virtually treats crime as sickness, and sickness as crime. Nor as a prophet, though I first saw through the illusion of mechanical progress, and, under a fable, foretold the need to destroy the machines lest they destroy us.

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Rather I offer simple common sense, sufficiently attested by the examples cited. But first, the how of the matter. Clearly, through one of the two great parties. For I hold that in all affairs, as in our spiritual and intellectual world, so in our body politic, there should be two parties, neither more nor less, of which neither can thrive if the other be unduly weakened, and neither can be spared, since each checks the other.

Next, the which of the matter—Yrot or Ruobal? . . .

R. J. P. HEWISON

EDWARD LEAR

Lady-birds and Gentians,

Perhaps you've never thought of me as a Polly Titian. Let me assure you I am a plain man, like each one of you, with a meager desire for the happiness of the greatest number of pre-fabulous howsolders. Here is my Prospecktus:

FINANCE. Tax all door-bells and let the people ring. Dong-dodgers to be bounced upwards on a desperate inflationary spiral.

INDUSTRY. Subsidise treacle mines and give Partial Aid to sherbert mills.

AGRICULTURE. Half-holidays for runcible cows.

FORESTRY. Extensive beard plantations, sprinkled with the tufted little Herb Morrison.

EDUCATION. Raise the school-leaving age to the great Gromboolian plain. Free rations of Parrot Pudding for splitmecrackle teachers: Guinea-pig Grog for pupils.

TRAVEL. Cashionalisation of the means of reduction, retribution and exchange visits between the Young Lady of Portugal, the Old Lady of Chertsey, and other displaced persons.

VOTE VOCIFERACIOUSLY.

Yours tinlessly but in luminous anticipation,

EDWARD LEAR

J. R. TILL

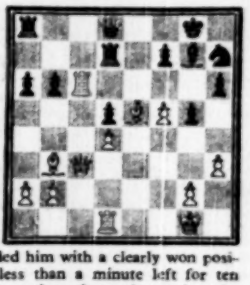
CHESS: Scourge and Blessing of the Clock

No. 26

Before chess clocks were in use match-games would drag on to more than twenty hours; more recently when (at Dr. Tarrasch's suggestion) it was decided to run a whole tournament without any time limit the experiment caused much unpleasantness. The chess clock is an indispensable arbiter of fair play, and to know how to make the most of the available time is part of the master's stock-in-trade. But even the humblest player should use a clock whenever possible. It helps to discipline his thinking, and he would do well to play even a friendly "skittle" with some appropriate time-limit of, say, 30-40 moves an hour.

"Time trouble" is every match player's nightmare; but their definitions would vary considerably. Some players consider themselves in bad time trouble when they have three or four minutes left for four or five moves. Others think nothing of having to do twice as many in a minute or two. For some masters, such as Reshevski, this is the rule rather than the exception. He has turned the "time scramble" almost into a fine art and a subtle psychological weapon. I know of only one or two occasions when he actually overstepped the time-limit, but he must have won scores of games by fluttering opponents who still had ample time to spare while he would remain quite unperturbable by the nerve-racking need to do half a dozen moves with the "flag" on his clock about to drop in a matter of seconds.

Here — Ernst-Dr. Tröger, Stuttgart 1948 — was a "time scramble" where Black had less than a minute left for 15 moves, while White still had as much as three minutes. Black played R-QKt1, White countered R-R3 ch, Black grabbed the R with his Q, and in the same breathless instant offered a draw. Thinking that he had nothing better than Q x R ch, which would leave him a piece down, White accepted. Yet, he had something much better; he could have forced Black's resignation in 6 moves. How?



Famed among the masters as the most inveterate victim of time trouble is F. Sämisch of whom it is said that on one occasion he was under such desperate pressure that he didn't even have time left to resign. Here — Sämisch-Pfeiffer, Pyrmont 1949—some excellent play had rewarded him with a clearly won position; alas, he had less than a minute left for ten moves. But he was used to that and went into the scramble unabashed:

(30) B-B7	Q-K2	(36) K-R2	R(2) x R
(31) B x KtP	Kt-KB3	(37) R x Kt	R-K7
(32) R-K1	Kt-K5	(38) R-B8!	B-K4 ch
(33) Q-B2	R-K1	(39) K-Kt1	B-Q5 ch
(34) B-B5	Kt x B	(40) K-R2	
(35) R x Q	B x P ch		

He's done it! Black, on his 34 move, shrewdly complicated matters to exploit his opponent's discomfiture. On his 38 move, Sämisch found the saving grace with two seconds to spare, and he plonked down his 40 move as his "flag" was just trembling to drop. At this "psychological moment" Pfeiffer offered the draw. Sämisch accepted at once, still too dazed by the time-scramble to see that he did have an escape from perpetual check.

Competitors (for the usual prizes) are invited to find out what these masters, harassed by the scourge of the clock, failed to see. Entries by March 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 21

A:—Kt7: B-K2. If B-Kt7, (2) Q-Kt3 mate; if R-Kt7, Q-B1 mate; if R x B, R-B1 mate.

B:—Kt7: B-R3. If K moves, (2) Q-Kt4, etc. If P-R4, (2) Q-B6ch, etc.

C:—Black to move because it is Satan. He *could* mate by Q x Bch, followed by R-B6ch and R-Q7, but he can't because the resulting position would be the Sign of the Cross.

A good many valiant solvers were stumped by B, and as many failed to see the little joke of C.

As for the methods employed by most competitors, successful or otherwise, routine, intuition and mere fiddling seem to be equally represented. A well-stocked memory associating any given problem with a recognised type and inevitably (in B) spotting KKt4 as the "critical square" for a doubling of Q and B—these were some of the pointers for experienced solvers such as A. J. Head and M. Rumney. They share the prizes with the Rev. E. C. Mortimer, J. R. Whalley, and G. S. Whittuck who methodically worked out the need for the Q to be harnessed in front of the B. Almost equally sound attempts (and correct solutions) came from D. E. Cohen, F. H. Hill, and J. M. Reid.

As for my question whether or not to have more problems in this column, some readers were ardently in favour, others violently opposed (incl. F. A. Rhoden, nevertheless perfectly successful in his "half-hearted attempt at solving the damned things"). The majority seem to favour a problem or two—preferably of the more unusual kind—at not too frequent intervals. Their will be done.

Competitors whose postal facilities are poor have been worrying about the "first delivery" clause; let us say, then, that entries should reach the office not later than by the *last* delivery of the Monday concerned.

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None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Lecturer in the History of Art. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Lecturer in the History of Art. The salary scale rises by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,100 and the commencing salary will be fixed at a point on that scale in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Duties to commence as soon as possible, and in any case not later than October 1, 1950. Twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted not later than March 31, 1950, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars obtainable. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Lecturer in Art Education. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Lecturer in Art Education. The salary scale rises by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,100 and the commencing salary will be fixed at a point on that scale in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Duties to commence as soon as possible and in any case not later than October 1, 1950. Twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted not later than March 31, 1950, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars obtainable. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Social Psychology. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Psychology. Salary £550–£800 or £800–£1,100, according to qualifications and experience. In addition a children's allowance of £50 per annum for the first child and £40 per annum for each subsequent child under 16, or while the child is undergoing full-time education, is payable. The person appointed will take up duty on October 1, 1950, or as may be arranged. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained), by April 15, 1950. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, University of Aberdeen.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Russian. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Language and Literature. Salary £400—£500, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (10 copies) should be sent not later than March 10 to C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Head of Welsh Music, based at Cardiff. Main duties involve close study and exploitation for broadcasting of the total musical resources, amateur and professional, available throughout Wales and in addition the administration of music broadcasting from Wales, control of staff, planning of programmes, etc. For these duties, broad musical interests and wide experience, especially of music in Wales, combined with high musical qualifications are essential. Duties do not include orchestral conducting. Starting salary £1,000, rising by £60 to £1,180 maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "H.W.M.N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

MEDICAL Statistician. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men and women for the permanent post of Medical Statistician in the General Register Office. Service may be under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities or under the Superannuation Acts, whichever is desired. The inclusive salary scale (London) is £1,150 - £30–£1,300 - £50—£1,500, £10 being deducted from commencing salary for each year of age below 28 on appointment, and £10 added for each year above 28 up to age 40. Candidates must be registered medical practitioners and have had statistical training, preferably with a university degree and a Diploma in Public Health, and with experience in at least two of the following: (i) resident hospital appointment; (ii) public health service; (iii) school medical service; (iv) pathology; (v) general practice; (vi) medical research; (vii) industrial medicine. It will be an advantage for candidates to have had statistical training more advanced than that of the D.P.H. course and also experience in writing reports and commentaries. The successful candidate will have ample scope, under the general technical direction of the Chief Medical Statistician, for original work over the whole field of vital statistics. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2908. Completed application forms must be received by the Secretary by March 18, 1950.

NURSES for Israel. Qualified in general nursing and preferably with special experience in care of either T.B. children or immigrants brought from Camps in Germany, etc. Knowledge of Hebrew desirable. Salaries from £460 per annum, and board and lodging provided. 12 months contract. Apply by letter, stating full particulars of experience, etc., to Jewish Committee for Relief Abroad, 7 Endsleigh Place, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Mauritius. There is a vacancy for a Male Public Assistance Commissioner and Social Welfare Adviser to take charge of the Public Assistance Department, to guide and to integrate into a general scheme voluntary social welfare organisations; to create fresh social welfare organisations and to advise the Government generally on questions of social welfare. The post is on agreement for three years. The salary is Rs.16,000 (£1,200) plus cost of living allowance of Rs.2,400 (£180) a year. Free passages. Taxation at low local rates. Candidates should possess a wide practical experience of social welfare work and a knowledge of French. A knowledge of Indian ideas and practices would be an advantage. Further particulars and application forms obtainable on request in writing to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting ref. No. 27259/50.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one or more posts of Assistant Keeper in the Public Record Office. Applicants must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on January 1, 1950; extensions allowed for regular service in H.M. Forces and, up to two years, for other voluntary service in H.M. Forces or for compulsory service under the National Service Acts. They must have a good knowledge of Latin and French and must normally possess a First or Second Class Honours degree in Classics, Law, or History, though exceptionally well qualified candidates with degrees lower than Second Class Honours or with degrees in other subjects may be considered. Salary (for men) £330 × £25—£600, rising with prospects of promotion after 5 to 7 years' service to the scale of £700 to £1,100. Salaries for women are somewhat lower. Starting salary increased by up to two increments for post-graduate experience and for service under the National Service Acts. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2976; completed application forms must be received by him by March 23, 1950.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. School of Drawing and Painting. Required as soon as possible a Senior Assistant in the Department of Drawing and Painting. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale, viz., £700 by £25 to £800 with additions for degree or equivalent and approved training. Particulars and form of application, to be returned not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained by sending a stamped-addressed foolscap envelope to the Chief Education Officer, Education Department, Leeds, 1.

THE Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Box 195, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, invites applications for the following posts: social anthropologists, urban sociologists, demographer, and historian. Starting salaries from £560 to £660, depending on experience. All research expenses paid, as well as passage to Northern Rhodesia. Applicants should state age, academic training, previous experience, and should submit list of referees as well as a medical certificate stating physical fitness for work in the tropics.

LANCASHIRE C.C. Librarian (woman) required at Lancaster Moor Mental Hospital. Salary £190 × £15—£315. Librarian will also be required to undertake and or organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment subject to medical examination and to Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application (with two testimonials) to County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, by 18/3/50.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Shenley Fields Cottage Homes. Appointment of Assistant Matron. The successful applicant for the above resident post will be expected to assist in the general administration of the Homes, to help in the supervision of the twelve Housemothers, and to assume full responsibility in the absence of the Superintendent and Matron. No nursing duties are entailed. Candidates should have experience of residential work with children, and the possession of a recognised qualification in Child Care would be an additional advantage. Salary scale: £220 × £15 to £280 per annum, with emoluments valued at £146. The appointment is subject to passing a medical examination, and to the conditions of the Local Government (Superannuation) Act. Application forms can be obtained from Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer, 102 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. (Quote Adv. 7532.)

DERBY Education Committee. Homelands School (Grammar—550 girls). Required, in September: (a) An Assistant Mistress to share in the teaching of Mathematics throughout the School to University Scholarship standard. Good degree essential and two or three years' experience desirable. (b) An Assistant Mistress to share in the teaching of English throughout the school to University Scholarship standard. Good Honours degree essential; experience desirable. The post offers full scope in all branches of the subject to an enthusiastic applicant. Salary—Burnham Award. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned as soon as possible. C. Middleton, Director of Education, Education Offices, The Council House, Corporation St., Derby.

FINE Art Booksellers, Bloomsbury, req. intell. educ. lady for clerical secretl. pt.-time work (20-25 hrs.). Write full partics. age, educ., exp., sal. reqd. Box 5355.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A COMPANY in the North of England has openings in its Market Research Department for a male research assistant. This Market Research Department is a comparatively large one, and it operates in most fields of Market Research. The successful applicant will be aged between 22 and 30, and have a good educational background which includes mathematics, statistics or one of the scientific subjects, preferably to University standard. An initial interest in Market Research is desirable. A comprehensive training will be given, including a certain amount of field work. The commencing salary for a man aged 22 will be above the average for this type of position. In fixing the commencing salary for an older man, his additional age and experience will be taken into account. The prospects for promotion to an executive appointment within the next few years are good. Please write in the first place to Box 5188.

PART-TIME Secretary wanted for London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee. Salary £208 p.a. Duties, to act as secretary to the Joint Committee and to be responsible for the organisation of classes, conferences and festivals in the Metropolitan Area. Copy of last annual report available on application. Applications, by letter, giving details of qualifications, age and educational background to be submitted not later than March 14, 1950, to Arthur E. Jupp, 34 Tavistock Sq. W.C.1. Endorse envelopes "L.J.E.C."

INDUSTRIAL Psychologist (woman) required for Personnel Department of large light engineering organisation. Applicants must possess a University Degree which includes Psychology and Statistics, and while workshop experience would be an advantage, training will be given in this sphere. Work will involve testing for all grades of staff and investigations of job evaluation and merit rating schemes. Apply in the first instance for form of application to: The Employment Officer, Hoover, Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middx.

FERTILISERS. Departmental Manager wanted. Permanent progressive position. Salary and share of profits. Excellent opportunity for likeable personality with initiative, perseverance, capable acting own responsibility. English and foreign languages, preferably French, German; intimate personal connections, thorough experience International Trade Organic and Chemical Fertilisers essential. Applications will be kept strictly confidential. Write Mr. B.J. Turner, Director, C. Gilbett, Ltd., Columbia House, London, W.C.2.

WELL-Known publishers of art books require secretary shorthand typist with good exp. of book trade for their sales department. Please write, giving full partics., age, education, experience, salary, to Box 5251.

APPLICATIONS invited for the post of Book-keeper-Cashier with a trade union organisation. Applicants should have a reading knowledge of the major European languages, and would be expected either to translate from one or more into English or to carry out shorthand-typing duties. Salary £410–£560 p.a. and other emoluments. Trade union refs. reqd. Box 5194.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Gosden House Boarding Special School (Bramley, Nr. Guildford). Additional Resident Assistant Mistress required for September 1950 for this school for educationally sub-normal children (80 girls, 20 junior boys). The post provides opportunity for initiative and individual methods. Salary Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers in Special Schools (i.e., two increments payable in addition to scale salary for service in Primary and Secondary Schools), plus allowance for extraneous duties. Application forms obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) and addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Shawbury Approved School, Shustoke. Applications are invited for the post of qualified Assistant Master in this Senior (Short-term) Approved School. The candidate appointed will be required to teach general subjects; ability to teach backward boys and to take art and games will be an added advantage. Salary—Burnham Scale plus three increments and £104 p.a. for maximum extraneous duties. Repayment for board and accommodation will be at the rate of £78 p.a. No married quarters are available. Applic. forms and full particulars may be obtained from undersigned at 102 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. (Quote Adv. No. 7593.) Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Department. Shenley Fields Cottage Homes. Urgently required, married couple to act as resident Housefather and Housemother, husband to be part-time Assistant to the Superintendent. Only couples with residential experience should apply. Accommodation for own children regrettfully not available. Salaries: Housefather, £6 7s.; Housemother, £5 2s. per week, less, in both cases, 23s. for board, lodging and laundry. Application forms and further particulars from the undersigned at 102 Edmund Street, B'ham. 3 (Quote Adv. 7757). Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

TRAINED resident social worker, woman, required for L.C.C. Housing Estate. Flat available. Salary according to experience. Apply immediately: Head, St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.2.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, requires for May (a) a group teacher for seven-year-olds, and (b) a kindergarten teacher. Posts could be resident. Write please in the first instance.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PENN Club requires Resident Warden in June, 1950, owing to retirement of Reginald and Mary Robson. Responsible for management, catering, and social life in Residential Club in Central London with 46 beds and 500 members who are Quakers and those closely associated. Applications invited from married couples (without young children) or from single men or women, with suitable qualifications—addressed to Stephen J. Thorne, Society of Friends, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1 (marked Penn Club).

TRAVEL Service requires couple or lady with catering and entertaining experience to act as host(ess) for house parties for young professional people. Holiday periods only. Box 5307.

TWO Leaders required for a boys' tented holiday camp in Norfolk from July 15-Sept. 9. Experience in youth leadership necessary. Applications with full details and salary required, in envelope endorsed JT/DIGLEA, to Box 4650.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for the Education Department of the Co-operative Union at Stanford Hall (Co-operative College). Interesting work, modified 5-day week. Exp. and good education essential. Board and bedsitting-room available. Apply, stating age, education, exp. and salary required, to the Education Secretary, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

COMFORTABLE bedroom, own bathroom and salary offered to capable gentlewoman who would help in the running of a modern house in Kent. Three children all at day school. Colonel & Mrs. Galbraith, "High Winds," Parkfield, Sevenoaks. Tel. Seal 211.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SKILLED wood-worker and wife seek to settle in country district in suitable job: country-lovers with fair knowledge of agriculture. Box 4846.

EX W.R.N.S. driver, Domestic Science Diploma, requires post anywhere. Anything interesting considered. School experience. Box 4909.

NURSERY School teacher seeks occasional week-end and Easter holiday employment. Not necessarily children. Box 4960.

INDUSTRIAL welfare officer (female) desires change. Anything interesting considered. Box 5029.

YOUNG adaptable Arts graduate, languages, legal experience, urgently wants work, home/abroad. Box 5216.

BACHELOR (30) recently completed 12 years in Royal Navy, of good appearance, clean and adaptable, requires employment urgently; will consider anything, but would prefer magazine illustrating. Box 5250.

WOMAN graduate, Hons. Sociology, 24, good shorthand/typing. Office experience, seeks interesting secretarial post. Box 5007.

YOUNG secretary of large industrial company, very well qualified, good military and business record and with outstanding recommendations, seeks similar post under a progressive Board who would take no exception to his Parliamentary aspirations. Box 5068.

YOUNG Artist and wife require part-time job of any description in Devon/Cornwall. Box 5053.

YOUNG woman secretarial/administrative experience, fluent French, seeks interesting job, temporary or permanent. Would travel. Box 4912.

SCHOLARSHIPS

MONKTON Combe School, nr. Bath. Eight Open Scholarships (2 of £100 & 2 for Music) will be offered next June to boys under 14. Partics. from the Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ODAM Hill School: a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqrs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave., Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange pets. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage, and with a well-balanced cultural background. Few vacancies. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.2305.)

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

FELLOWSHIPS

BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1950-1951 (August 1-July 31). Minimum value Fellowship £350, Scholarship £300, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Send applications with four copies of testimonials from universities of applicants by March 31, 1950, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

PERSONAL

VOLUNTARY workers needed urgently for interesting work in Voluntary Agency in North London. Apply Box 5293.

EXPD. senior and juvenile actors reqd. by amateur repertory company, perfs. London & Home Counties, travelling expns. paid, rehearsals Central London. Box 4860.

"HELL Is What You Make It," by Ewan MacColl, is coming to Unity Theatre soon. All interested (amateur) are invited to preliminary meeting for casting on March 7, at Unity Theatre, 1 Goldington St., N.W.1, 7.30 p.m., or write Productions Organiser.

EDUCATED capable young lady, 24 years, seeks part-time employment; 8 years' experience in the London Library, S.W.1. Available afternoons and evenings. Please write Box 4913. 'Phone: Mai. 4219.

PRIVATE tuition to nervous, invalid and difficult children. Teacher: 179, Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

SUMMER Holidays. Group leaders, assistant matrons, domestic workers, riding teacher, reqd. July 28-Sept. 15 for children's holiday school, Odam Hill, Romansleigh, N. Devon. Parents with one/two children welcomed.

EXPD. illustrator free most of Summer offers collaboration to writer on (pref. mountain) country anywhere in Europe. Box 4764.

HOUSEBOAT to let May-July. Essex Coast. 8 berths, £5-£7 p.w. Box 5137.

GRAMMAR Sch. master; all games; wants res. priv. post, 3 wks. April. Box 5176.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation; Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol, July 30-Aug. 12, £26 (3rd cl. travel), £32 10s. (2nd). Dr. Edith Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

ENGLISH lady residing Hampstead, who has lived abroad, teaches English, Spanish, French. Box 4808.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8043.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHIC power diagnosed from handwriting, also character analyses, 3s., s.a.e. Write: Box 5094.

UNIV. Lecturer, double First, gives private tuition (in London) in English literature, language, or composition. Box 4976.

STUDENT, 30, seeks help German translation, Easter vacation. Anything considered in return. Box 5025.

MR. C. RACKETT'S Easter holidays for children again at Bournemouth. Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

EASTER holiday in French Alps and if desired a week-end in Paris. Moderate cost includes air travel (optional) and first-class hotels. C. Rackett, Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sx. Tel. 2812.

EASTER and Summer holidays in France through exchange of hospitality. Particulars from I. Sirotsky, 7 Marlborough Hill, London, N.W.8. PRImrose 4485.

A CONVERSATIONAL Holiday in France or Devon. Limited number of vacancies. Also French, German, Italian, Spanish Day or Evening Classes. Private lessons in all languages. Prospectus free: Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., W.1. May. 4040.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Stresa, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix, S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

BERTHS, sailing tuition and cruising on West Coast of Brittany offered by owner small yacht; £10 p.w. in francs—vin non compris. Box 4865.

MEDITERRANEAN Coast: spring hols. from 1,000 frs. p.d. in French villa on sea edge, sun, gd. food and company. Write 24 Lansdowne Road, London, N.3.

SPANISH vacation course Easter, 3 weeks at Mallorca house, six students only; 20gns. incl. full board residence; details, 9 Paultons St., London, S.W.3.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

MANY a happy anniversary is enjoyed in the friendly atmosphere of the S.P. Grill & Cafe, now celebrating its 25th Anniversary Year. 6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus.

PERSONAL—*continued*

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and skiing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, brilliantly clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

WAYFARERS Holiday Centres abroad include Belgium, Le Zoute, 8 days, £21 6s. 6d; France, Dinard, 17 days, £25 17s.; Germany, Rhineland, 16 days, £34 5s.; Holland, Noordwijk-on-Sea, 15 days, £33 6s.; Norway, Sohtrand, 15 days, £37 17s. 6d; Spain, San Sebastian, 18 days, £42 5s.; Switzerland, Bernese Oberland, 17 days, £40 15s. 6d., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. (Est. 1920), 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

LAKES of Killarney Tour. A beautiful car drive of 800 miles to Killarney. Delightful daily excursions by private motor car. The unique Gap of Dunloe Tour by Irish jaunting car and mountain pony. One week in Dublin. Two weeks' holiday inclusive of 1st class travel from Liverpool 39gns. Enquire for illustrated Holiday Calendar of "Club Cars" Tour No. 3: Mayfair 6337/8/9: Challis & Benson, Ltd., 8 South Molton St., London, W.1.

CORSICA—l'Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companions. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

CARCASSONNE, Barcelona, Majorca and Marseilles in one all-embracing 16-day personally conducted holiday. Depts. July 1, Aug. 19, Sept. 16, 45gns. Also Austria from 33gns. Eamitours, 50 Northey Ave. Cheam. VIG 0405.

£28 will give you a fortnight in France and pay your fare. Ask for booklet of inexpensive suggestions. Allways Travel, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. TEM 8702.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

"CHEZ Vous"—At Home in Paris. A week or a week-end among Parisians of the literary and artistic world. For particulars apply Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. Tel. HOLborn 4846.

CLUB Olympique of Paris will re-open their well-known holiday camp in Calvi, Corsica, in June. Sole Agents in Gt. Britain: Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. Telephone HOLborn 4846.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog., write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5811.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Ansewellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

HOLIDAY Exchanges, Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk; houses exchanged Easter onwards.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

HYPNOTISM by David Graham. Lecture Demonstrations given to clubs, societies and other organisations. Write Box 4823.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

EASTER holidays? Join small Spring skiing party of young professional people going Austria, April 6; rail travel, 15 full days at hotel, £31. Also Easter in Paris and informal house parties with tennis, bathing, riding, dancing, nr. London or in New Forest. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WILL Jewish readers help to support the Jewish Home for the Blind? Please send your donation to the Treasurer, Jewish Blind Society, Room No. 31, 5 Stanhope Terrace, London, W 2. Regd. in accordance with National Assistance Act, 1948, and with Jewish Board of Deputies.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent views, modern conveniences, 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 314.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air, and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BUCKS.—Small farmhouse offers rest, comfort, farm fare, country walks. 5gns. Hoxbury, Bledlow, Princes Risborough 449.

PENARTH "Vegetarian Home," Rectory Rd. S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Plant. hol. resort. Overlkg. sea. Permanent guests. New brochure.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor.

SPEND a happy Easter or summer holidays at Brewery Farm House, Great Mongeham, Deal, Kent—where your family and tiny babies are particularly welcome. Golf, sea 3 miles; on bus route. Mrs. Davies, Deal 1195.

THE Old Rectory, Brede, Rye, Sussex. A few guests welcomed in spacious house with large garden. Central heating, library. 'Phone Brede 62.

GOLDEN Acres, Elstead, Surrey, now under new ownership and personal supervision, has vacancies. Residential fully lic. country club. Situated in well-known beauty spot. Log fires, electric and central heating. Tennis on site; riding, fishing, and golf available short distance. Excellent fare. Ideal spot for complete rest. 'Phone or write: Elstead 3146. Mr. or Mrs. Charles Clark, late "Britannia," Waltham Cross, Herts.

LAKELAND holiday at Y.W.C.A. holiday hostel, Iveing Cottage, Ambleside. Open all the year round. Good fare. Reasonable terms. Apply Warden.

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. We are used to writers and their foibles and provide strong tables and quiet. Walking, riding, golf or hunting. Considerably reduced winter terms. Tel. Chagford 31606.

BOURNEMOUTH (Boscombe). Small guest house near sea. H. & C., gas fires, ordinary & vegetarian diet. Smith & Bailey, Court Green, Glen Rd. Tel. Boscombe 33621.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere. Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

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PORLOCK, Halsecombe House, between Exmoor and sea, has first-class reputation as friendly guest house. Good country fare, personal attention. Mr. & Mrs. Holmes. Tel. 209.

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HOLIDAYS, Honeymoon or Home. Board residence in Surrey Highlands. One mile from Farnham. From 4½gns. week. "Chalba," Lower Bourne, Farnham. (Frensham 293.)

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BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks, literary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, good fires.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

CORNWALL. Bed & breakfast 7s. 6d. night. 5 mins. buses; write: Linehan, 10 Prospect Place, Hayle, Cornwall.

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PIER View, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Gd. liberal table, h. & c., every comfort and cons. Children welcomed half price. Terms from 3½gns. to 6gns. according to season. Central.

VEGETARIANS & diet reformers are invited to our small but very comf. guest house. Morris, "Sans Dusky," Teignharvey, Nr. Shaldon, Teignmouth. Tel. Shaldon 179.

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SPRINGTIME in Ireland. Family living in pleasant and comfortable old country-house 25 miles from Dublin would take a few guests for Easter or later. Children welcomed. Mrs. N. S. Hickey, Shreen Castle, Tara, Co. Meath.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Polperro Road, Looe, Cornwall, has commenced booking for season 1950. Brochure and terms on application.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

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GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2158. Open till 10 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD - on - Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival comm. March 9. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents or write Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "John Gabriel Borkman." Mems.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. Tem. 6261. A New Play by David Gascoyne, "The Hole In The Fourth Wall," Nightly at 8. Mems.

UNITY. The A Bomb Play, "How I Wonder." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

UNIVERSITY College London Dramatic Society presents "The Firstborn," by Christopher Fry, as its Foundation Play, 1950. Perfs. Mar. 8, 9, 10 and 11 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Business Manager, Dram. Soc., Univ. Coll., Gower St., W.C.1.

LONDON University Drama Society presents John Masefield's "The Witch." Institute of Education Theatre, Malet St., W.C.1. On March 15, 16, 17, 18, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s., 3s., 5s., from Business Manager, L.U.D.S., 30 Woburn Sq., W.C.1 (Mus. 2757).

JOHN Betieman reading his own verse at Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Rd., S.W.6. Monday, March 13, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free. REN. 1127.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Mar. 5th, 7.30: "Crime and Punishment" (A).

"JACOB Sverdlov," Soviet classic, 7.30, Mon., March 20 only. Scala Theatre, W.1. 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., reserved seats from B.S.F.S., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd. W.2. (Send stpd. addressed env. with postal orders.)

CITY Opera Club produces "Figaro" in May. Future arrangements include "Idomeneo" & "Iphigenia." We need 200 Hon. Members. Please send sub. (10s.) to Hon. Sec., 5 Minstead Way, New Malden, Surrey.

DON Cossack Chorus and Dancers. Director: Serge Jaroff. Royal Albert Hall, Thursday, March 16, at 7.30. Tickets 2s. to 20s. 6d., from R.A.H. (KEN. 8212) and usual agents. Management S. A. Gorlinsky, Ltd.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed. next, at 8. Works by Purcell, Delius, Holst, William Walton. Soloist: Dennis Noble. B.B.C. Choral Society. Goldswiths' Choral Union. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Gallery (standing) 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual Agents.

NEW London Orchestra. Conductor: Alec Sherman. Royal Opera House. This Sun., at 3. Works by Borodin, Prokofiev & Falla. Christou (1st perf.), Beethoven, Paul Horner (Narrator), Gonzalo Soriano (Pianist). 15s., 12s., 9s., 6s., 3s., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

DUOPIANISTS. Tita and John Montes. Sponsored Anglo Argentine Society. Wed. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. Brahms-Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Milhaud, Berkeley, Latin American music. 5s., 3s., door, agts. Dir. of Concerts: N. Choveaux.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., March 5, at 8 p.m. Maurice Bannister, Hebrew & Yiddish Songs, etc., Non-mems. 1s.

BEETHOVEN'S Sonatas for violin and piano played by the Dutch Duo, Nap de Klijn and Alice Heksch, at the R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St., Pall Mall. Tonight & Tues. next, at 8. 5s., 3s. per Concert, at door, Chappell's agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovceux.

THE Committee for the Promotion of New Music presents a Special Studio Recital, Wed. next, at 7 p.m., at Studio 1 (E.M.T. Studios), 3 Abbey Rd. N.W.8. Chairman: Francis Chagrin. First Speaker: Basil Lam. Artists: Frederick Riddle, Margaret Kitchen, John Francis, William Pleeth, Margaret Good, Hurwitz String Quartet. Works by Priaulx Rainier, William Alwin, Matyas Seiber, Herbert Murrill. Admission free. Concert followed by General Meeting.

YORKSHIRE Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall. This Monday eve. at 7.30. Maurice Miles, Denis Matthews (pianoforte). Berlioz, Butterworth, Vaughan-Williams, Beethoven, Wagner. Tkts. from 2s. 6d. R.A.H. (KEN. 8212). Lynford-Joel Promotions, Ltd. (Lan. 3591). Spons. by Yorkshire Evng. News.

64TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sun., Mar. 12 at 3. Quartets by Ibert, Saugnet, Martinon. Quatuor Parrenin. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hall and usual agts.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Mar. 5, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Hurwitz String Quartet. Emanuel Hurwitz, Granville Jones, Kenneth Essex, Terence Weil, Kyla Greenbaum. Haydn F. Op. 64; Bernard Stevens Str. Qts. Brahms Piano Quintet. 1s.

FABIAN Post-election Dance, Sat., March 4, 7.30 - 11.30. Org. by C.L.F.S. New venue, St. Martin's Art School, Charing X Road, adm. 4s. Fabians and friends only.

EXHIBITIONS

FERNAND Leger, an Arts Council exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till March 19. Week-days 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

SICKERT Sketches. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. March 7-25. Mon.-Thurs., 12-8; Fri., Sat., 12-5, free.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery on March 22 (8-11 p.m. Tkts. 12s. 6d. incl. refreshments). Preview of Soc.'s Exhibition. "The Private Collector." Guests may be invited but application for tickets must be through a member of the Soc. to C.A.S. at Tate Gallery.

LONDON-Paris. New Trends in Painting & Sculpture. 16 artists presented by Inst. of Contemporary Arts. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St., W.1. March 8-April 4. Dly. 10-6. Tu., Thrs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

FIFTY Years of Women Painters and Sculptors. Women's International Art Club Jubilee Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Mar. 6-24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. First Exhibition of Watercolours by Kenneth King. Recent Sculpture and Drawings by Eduardo Paolozzi and William Turnbull. Until March 18.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Julian Trevelyan; Works by Brenda Chamberlain, and Aeply Replicas. Opening Wed., March 8.

REDFERN Gallery, 30 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Frederick Gore; English & French Paintings & Drawings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, March: The Age of La Joie De Vivre, 18th cent. pictures and drawings by Watteau, Boucher, Bellotto, Tiepolo, Longhi and others. Furniture, Porcelain.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by K. Allen, Anthony Bridge, B. Ouston, G. Rhoades, Nancy Sharp, Guy Williams. Sculpture by Elizabeth Spurr. Daily 11-6 inc. Sats., Feb. 20-March 11.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Mary Dickinson, Pauline Glass, and A. C. Winter.

EXPRESSIONIST Painters from France, Norway, Germany, Belgium, etc. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1.

IRISH Crafts—wrought iron, treen, Aran Isle knitted goods, homespuns & spinning demonstrations. The Craftsman's Market at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PROFESSOR A. E. Richardson, R.A., M.A., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., will deliver the University College Union Foundation Oration at Friends House, Euston Road on Thursday, March 16 at 6 p.m., on "The Renewal of the Arts." All former staff and students desirous of attending should communicate with Frank R. Willcock, University College London Union, Gower St., W.C.1., by March 8.

JOIN the women of London in their celebration for peace & international friendship. Wed., March 8, 7 p.m. Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Leah Manning (Chair); foreign guests, speaker just returned from China. Tkts. 1s. 6d. from International Women's Day Committee, c/o 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7.

"LLEWELYN Powys." Lecture by Louis Marlow at 13 Netherhall Gardens, N.W.3, 6 p.m., on Sunday, March 5. Progressive League Discussion-Social. Admission 1s. 6d. including refreshments.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau. Talk, "With the Microphone in Egypt": Leonard Cottrell, Senior Writer and Producer, B.B.C., March 15, 6.30 p.m. Tea 6 p.m. Adm. free with tickets only. Apply Secretary, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, W.1. GROsvenor 8886.

LEON Goossens, C.B.E. A special lecture-recital will be given for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Thurs., Mar. 9 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURE-Recital on "Il Tabarro" and "Gianni Schicchi" (Puccini) by James Robertson (with Joyce Gartside, Olwen Price, Rowland Jones & Edmund Donlevy, of Sadler's Wells Opera Co.), Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. March 6, 7.30. Adm. free.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. March 11, at 6 p.m., Dr. R. Gambarin: "Costituzione Somatica e Costituzione Psichica in rapporto con la Delinquenza."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. March 5: What is Psychism?

THE Humanist Impetus in Politics. Four addresses on the recovery of inspiration in social life: (1) H. J. Blackham: "Humanism is not a Third Force." Sun., March 5, 6.30, at the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture Weds., Mch. 8, 6.30. The Abhidhamma Philosophy (I). The Ven. Bhikkhu U Thittila.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Freud, Christianity and Personalism." Ethical Church, Queensway, W.2, Thursday, March 9, at 7.45 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Minister, Swami Ghanananda. At St. Ermin's Hotel (nr. St James's Pk. Tube Stn.). Sunday, March 5, at 2.30, Ramakrishna Birth Anniversary. Dr. Kenneth Walker, Guest-speaker. At Kingsway Hall, Thur., March 9, at 7.30, "Mystic Disciplines of India." All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, celebrate the centenary of T. G. Masaryk's birth, Tues., March 7, 7.30 p.m. Spkr. Mr. P. Robac, Sub-Secy. to the Czechoslovak Embassy. Chair: Dr. B. Stross, M.P. Adm. free, all welc.

YOUTH HOUSE, 250, Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 6th, David Graham: "Hypnotism," with demonstration. 13th, Members' Meeting. 20th, Albert Meltzer: "Anarcho-syndicalism in Europe." 27th, Arthur Bird: "An Adventure in Peacemaking."

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Society. Sun., Mar. 5, at 7.45. Universal Restnt., 169a Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths). J. B. Coates, "Personalism and Existentialism."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., 6 March 6, 7 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. "The Theatre in Germany To-day": Mr. M. Gorelik (U.S.A.), Author & Lecturer. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Mar. 5: S. K. Ratcliffe, "Emerson Reconsidered." Adm. free.

YOGA. Lunch-hour talks by students of H. P. Shastri, 1 p.m. Tuesdays, March 7, 14, 21, 28. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subjects: Yoga in Outline, Meditation, Action, Liberation. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 7, R. H. Rosetti (Secretary, National Secular Society), "Modern Science and Religion." Adm. free. Collection.

HYPNOTHERAPY. Further lectures and demonstrations by Warne-Beresford. See how the Russian confessions are obtained. Lewisham Town Hall, Catford, S.E.6, at 7.30 p.m. (doors open 7 p.m.), on Wed., March 1. Adm., reserved, 5s. 3s. 6d., others 2s. 6d. Also Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, at 7 p.m., Tues., March 7. Adm. reserved 5s., others 3s. 6d. Reserved tickets from Halls.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

A CONFERENCE on "Day Hospitals and Social Rehabilitation" will take place at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1, on Wed., March 22, at 2 p.m. Dr. N. Harris: Chairman, Dr. J. Bierer: "The Concept and the Function of a Day Hospital." Dr. E. B. Strauss: "The Development of Social Club Therapy." Discussion opened by: Dr. D. Blair, Dr. D. Odlum, Dr. D. O'Neill. Tickets 5s.: Inst. of Social Psychiatry, 9 Fellows Rd., N.W.3.

"THE World's Food and Britain's Needs." Conference at St. Pancras Town Hall, March 4 and 5. First Session: Saturday at 2.30 p.m.: Rotha's film "The World is Rich." F. Le Gros Clark and Julian Huxley. Second Session: Sunday at 10.30 a.m.: Sir R. George Stapledon and others, "Britain's Needs and Possibilities." Third Session: Sunday at 2.30 p.m.: Lord Boyd Orr on "World Resources and the Distribution of the World's Food." Tickets for session 2s. 6d., obtainable from Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon St., W.1.

FEDERAL Union Week-End Conference, Arnold House Hotel, Brighton, March 10-12. Speakers include: Dr. Rita Hinden, Rev. John Collins, William Clark, Dr. Joad. Inc. fee: 22s. Enqs.: 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

"INCENTIVES and Ideals in an Industrial Society." Course of 3 lectures organised by The Ethical Union on Mondays, March 13, 20, and 27. Speakers: R. P. Lynton; Dr. R. F. Tredgold; H. J. Blackham. 7 p.m. in the Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Admission Free

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures will be given by Professor B. Rensch (Münster) at 5.30 p.m. on March 9, 10 and 13 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1 March 9: Problems of directed evolution; March 10: Histological changes correlated with changes in body size; March 13, The non-specificity of nervous conduction. Adm. free, without tkt.

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College having extended again, have few vacancies left for next term. 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1, and also Park Lane, W.1.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE University of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies will hold a Summer School in Slavonic languages in Paris, July 29 to August 26, 1950. For information please apply: Secretary, University of London School of Slavonic & East European Studies, London, W.C.1 (MUS. 9782, 3).

THE Tenth Rosl Summer School of Puppetry will be held in Cheltenham from August 12-26. Further particulars from the Secretary, The Rosl Summer School, Guiting Power, nr. Cheltenham.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

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MISCELLANEOUS

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, mahogany bookcase, £22; Gaumont S.516 16mm. silent film projector, perfect, bargain, £45 with screen, powerful, portable; E.M.G. Radiogram D.R.5 "Connoisseur" & Davey pickups, offers?; Precious Microscope (Swift), perfect condition, £25; Linguaphone, German, £11; Linguaphone, German, £8; Typewriter, Standard 4 bank, £15; Gramophone, H.M.V., as new, 78rpm.; complete home for four, modern caravan offered at £310.

WANTED: Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals"; Ski clothes, etc., buy/hire; Typewriter (Remington preferred), price secondary importance if good model.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 257, 258, 259

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